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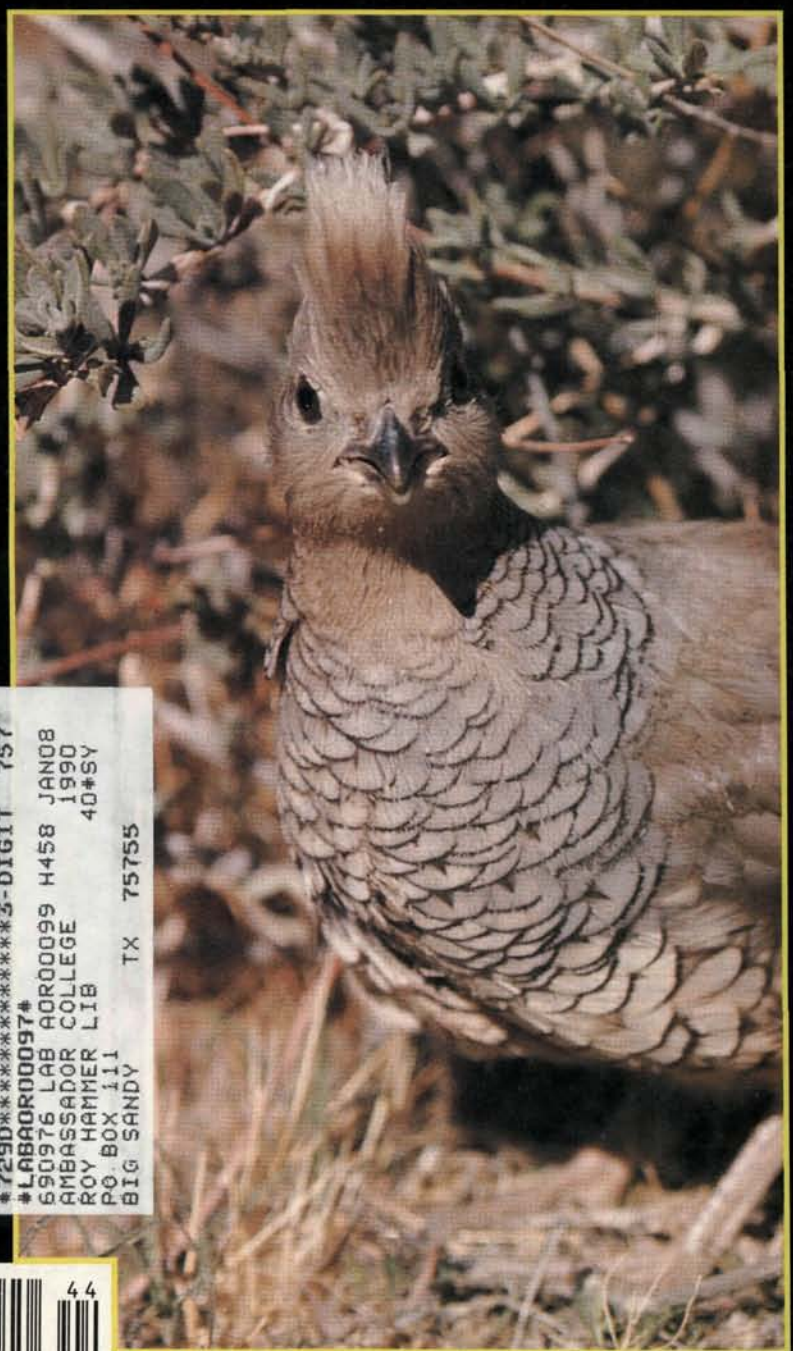

On The Quayle Trail

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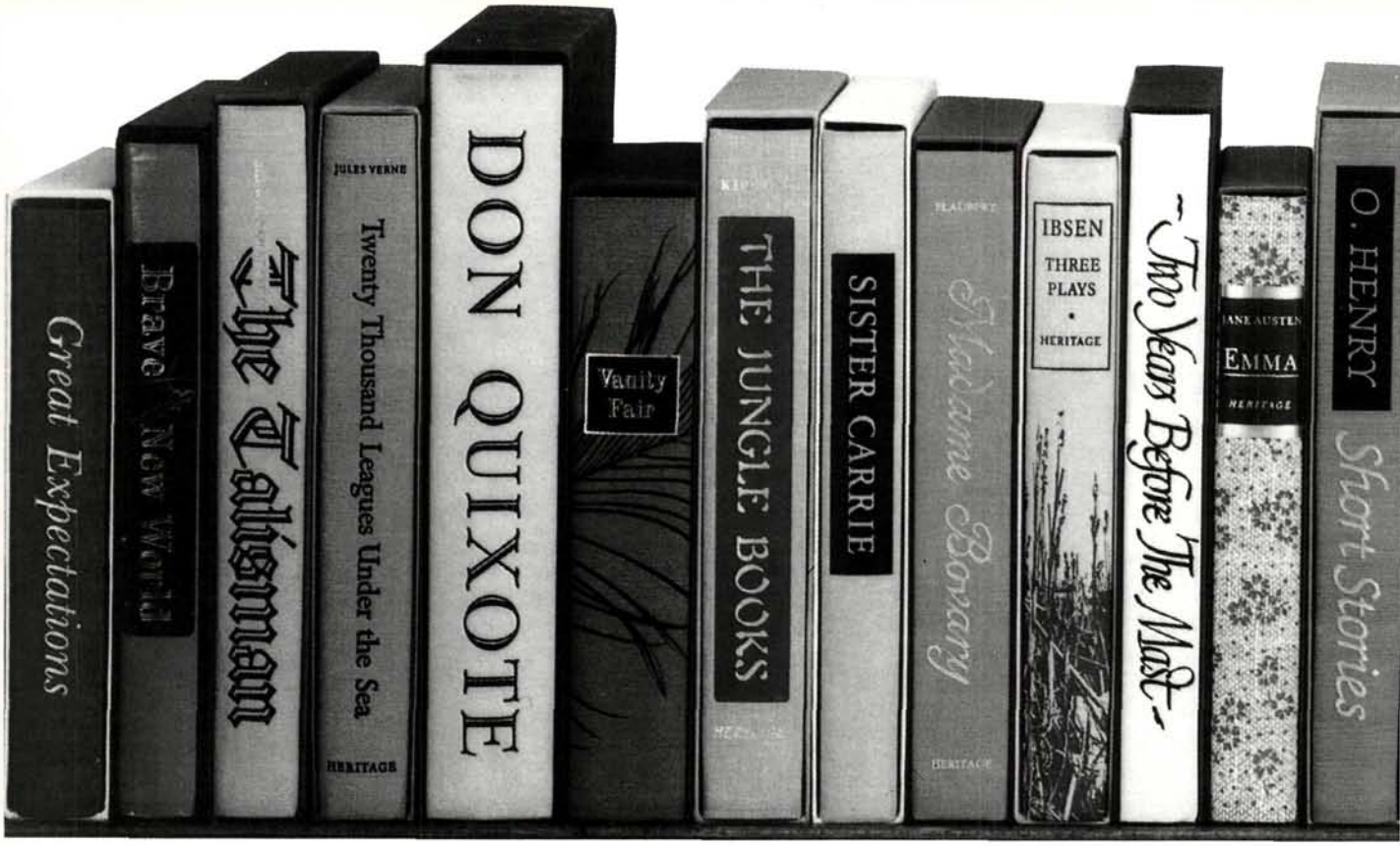

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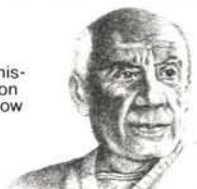

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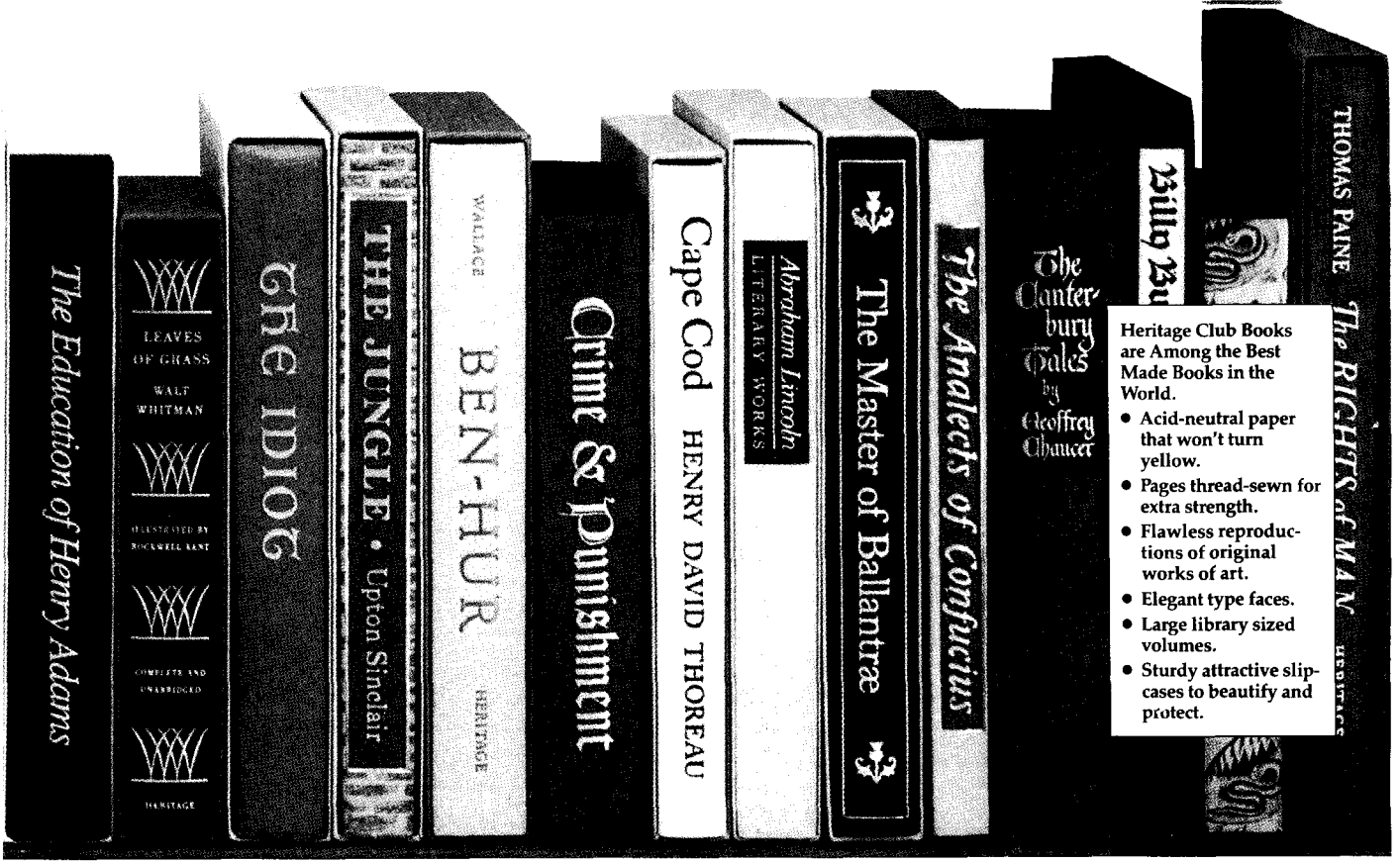

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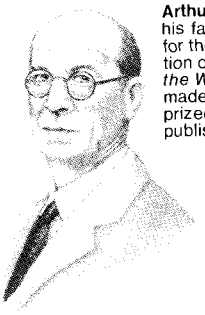

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FROM WASHINGTON

READ MY LIPS, GRANNY

In 1980 the Reagan campaign stole a copy of the Carter campaign's briefing book for one of the presidential debates. In 1988 it's rapidly becoming clear that an even more serious crime has been committed. The Bush campaign, involving many of the same people, must have stolen the secret plan for the first 100 days of the Dukakis administration.

I feared as much when Bush began basing so much of his campaign on matters seemingly unrelated to the responsibilities of the president, such as state prison furlough policy. But my fears were confirmed during the vice presidential debate, when Dan Quayle accidentally revealed his awareness of Dukakis's secret plan for Midwestern grandmothers. "Dukakis supporters," he said, "sneer at commonsense advice. Midwestern advice—Midwestern advice from a grandmother to a grandson—important advice—something that we ought to talk about. . . ."

Yes, if there's anything we Dukakis supporters can't stand, it's grandmothers, with their insufferable stream of commonsense advice. I had a Midwestern grandmother once. Her advice was: "You can do anything you want to in this country, and if you don't feel like doing anything, the government will support you. So don't bother working. Just go on welfare." Of course she was a Democrat.

Traditionally the regulation of grandmotherly advice is left to the private sector ("Oh, do hesh up, granny"), or at most to the state and local levels of governments. But now that Quayle has tipped his hand, the truth had better be revealed. The ultraliberal governor of Massachusetts (that's where Harvard is, you know) plans, soon after becoming president, to propose a major new revenue enhancement mechanism: a tax on grandmothers. The tax will be applied on a sliding scale, based on distance from the East or West Coast. Kansans will owe the most.

Midwesterners who don't pay up will have their grandmothers confiscated. The grannies will be taken to re-education camps, mostly former federal prisons from which all the murderers and rapists and drug dealers have been released (with the exception of any drug-running Panamanian dictators who may be in residence). Once incarcerated, they will be force-fed a diet of Belgian endive and sautéed American flag until they agree to forswear commonsense advice forever. On weekend furlough, they will be sent to ACLU-sponsored halfway houses where they will be put to work erasing "In God We Trust" from one-dollar bills.

And why? Well obviously, because the ultraliberal governor of Massachusetts and his supporters (including, of course, all journalists) have contempt for ordinary people of every stripe, but especially Midwesterners and their grandmothers.

The biggest political miracle of this campaign is the way Bush has gotten the monkey of elitism off his own back and onto Dukakis's. It was supposed to be George Herbert Walker Bush of Andover and Yale and Kennebunkport and Skull and Bones versus Michael Dukakis, hardworking barely-off-the-boat ethnic. Instead it's Bush the regular fella versus Dukakis the Harvard snob. The Democrats even have a real issue to back up their class sniping: the Reagan-Bush era's pampering of the rich, squeeze of the middle class, and indifference to the poor. But the Republicans have brilliantly fabricated symbolic issues (flag, furloughs) to supplant this practical one, and given them a powerful invidious spin.

My purpose is not to grab elitism back as an issue for the Democrats. My purpose—although it rightly seems suspicious coming from the side that started the sniping—is to call for a truce in this tiresome parody of a class war. While we're at it, let's purge the whole Washington reverse-snob culture, in which BMW-driving political consultants vie with one another to present their candidates as dirt-between-my-toes yokels and jour-

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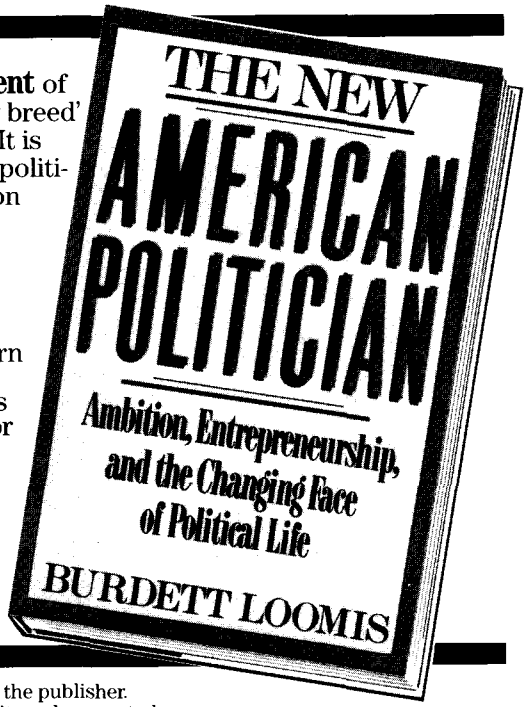
Can they serve the nation as well as they serve their own ambitions?



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,850

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE ICARUS AGENDA

To the editors:

TNR is likely correct (if on the "conservative" side) in stating that the United States is responsible for about 25 percent of the greenhouse gases that humans have contributed to the atmosphere ("Shake or Bake," September 12 & 19). But one should add, first, that although "a fourth of the carbon dioxide emitted comes from burning forests . . . in places like Brazil," this contribution is largely chargeable to the United States, in that it is occurring basically in response to demands in the U.S. market. And second, that within the United States responsibility for greenhouse gases (for pollution in general) is strongly correlated with household income: the wealthier one is, the more pollution attributable to one. This fact may not be particularly useful for solving the global warming problem, but it does have equity implications: given this relationship, your suggestion of a gasoline tax—which would be felt especially by the poor, i.e., those who pollute least—is positively obscene.

ALTON C. THOMPSON
Greendale, Wisconsin

To the editors:

"Shake or Bake" is yet another attempt to resurrect nuclear power as the sole answer to the greenhouse effect. But whereas nuclear power has very high capital costs and problems with safety and nuclear waste disposal, photovoltaic and solar thermal technologies offer clean, safe energy. In the U.S. today, all renewable resources (excluding hydropower) produce more than 8,000 megawatts, or eight nuclear power plants' worth of power. Solar thermal electric plants currently produce more than 250 megawatts, which should reach over 1,000 megawatts by 1990 in California alone. Photovoltaics now produce 20 megawatts of utility-grid power, with the market expanding rapidly.

Europe in the post-Chernobyl era outspends the United States in federal solar research and development programs and market assistance programs. Tokyo now has one million solar water heating systems, equaling the number in the entire United States. How ironic that the U.S., which now leads in the photovoltaic and solar thermal technologies, may one day have to import these very same technologies from our competitors.

SCOTT SKLAR
Solar Energy Industries Association
Arlington, Virginia

To the editors:

Concerning solar power, TNR states, "Only a technological breakthrough will make solar energy anywhere near as efficient as the best nuclear plants." No, only a miracle of God could make this so. The energy output of the Sun is roughly fixed for the next several billion years. At the vast distance of the Earth, the energy we receive is so diluted that a solar electrical plant would need 50 square miles of panels to produce 1,000 megawatts, the typical output of a power plant. Think of what solar panels covering 50 square miles would do to the environment. And where do you put the panels in New York City, which would require 350 square miles of them for its energy needs? Solar power is fine for running calculators or, in some sunny regions, heating hot water in a household. For large-scale power generation, no amount of investment will make solar power as efficient as nuclear power.

SALLIE BALIUNAS
Topsfield, Massachusetts

THE WAGES OF DEATH

To the editors:

Though I have no admiration for the death penalty, drug dealers, or George Bush, Mark A. R. Kleiman's attack on the first and third, and concomitant defense (sort of) of the second, was too extreme to let pass ("Dead Wrong," September 26). First, the effect of industrial accident rates on *wages* for workers in "high-risk" jobs is not comparable with the effect of the death penalty on *prices* of illicit drugs sold by drug dealers, Kleiman's observation that "that cost, like all costs in competitive markets, is passed along to consumers" notwithstanding. The increased wages of stuntmen and high-rise construction workers reflect such increased costs to employers as insurance, additional training, and collective bargaining with unions. And these costs are not passed from seller to buyer in a 1-to-1 ratio. Some, such as insurance, are picked up in part by the government as tax breaks to corporations involved. To my knowledge, drug dealers (who are in the position of employer *and* employee in this particular tortured analogy) do not routinely carry increased (or any) casualty insurance. They appear to base their prices on the maximum amount they can screw out of their pathetic customers. That the risky nature of the "profession" does not noticeably affect prices is demonstrated by the fact that drug prices in the relatively low-risk market of private universities are as high as or higher than prices in such high-risk markets as Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant.

There are better reasons to oppose the death penalty for drug dealers. For one, many drug dealers are also addicts, which adds the sympathy factor and makes executing them less palatable. Second, a large proportion of pushers are now children aged nine to 13 (who are seen by older pushers as being less vulnerable to arrest or conviction). I have yet to hear even George Bush call for the execution of 11-year-old pushers. And third, the public that would welcome the death penalty for Lorenzo "Fat Cat" Nichols would probably balk at executing the stockbroker or football player who dealt to his friends for only a nominal profit. But such distinctions make the "remedy" look less like an attempt to reduce drug trafficking and more like a program of social control. It is difficult to imagine a sustained public campaign along such lines.

LISA ROSENTHAL
New York, New York

CYNIC'S SONG

To the editors:

In "Shut Up And Sing" (Washington Diarist, October 10) Andrew Sullivan displays an unfortunate amount of cynicism and contempt for what has amounted to one of the most hopeful and positive movements of the 1980s. He censures Amnesty International for using pop stars to promote human rights. Yet Sullivan fails to justify adequately why this should be considered a bad thing, and simply bemoans the loss of the days when Amnesty International consisted merely of a few thousand well-informed individuals who actually knew who Andrei Sakharov was. Am-

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 31, 1988

TWO CHEERS FOR CHILE

The Kirkpatrick Doctrine, set forth by Jeane Kirkpatrick in her famous 1979 *Commentary* article "Dictatorships and Double Standards," always had two possible interpretations to guide American policy. The Reagan administration has pursued both—one to its shame, the other to its considerable credit. The basic doctrine is that authoritarian dictatorships of the right are preferable to totalitarian dictatorships of the left, both for American interests and for the welfare of their own populations. One of its two possible corollaries is that the United States should support right-wing dictatorships—or, at least, not try to destabilize them, as Kirkpatrick accused Jimmy Carter of doing—because their collapse could lead to Communist takeovers, as in Nicaragua.

The other corollary is that, since right-wing dictatorships are susceptible to democratic reform in a way that Communist dictatorships are not, the United States should pressure them to change incrementally and thereby head off a possible Communist revolution. Kirkpatrick claims that this was always what she meant when she wrote her article, but Interpretation No. 1 clearly captivated the early Reagan administration, which turned a blind eye to death squads in El Salvador and military repression in Guatemala, employed agents of the brutal Argentine junta to train the Nicaraguan *contras*, and sought to repair U.S. relations with dictators such as Pinochet in Chile and Marcos in the Philippines. (This last was accomplished either by ending public criticism or by rewarding small human rights improvements with lavish praise, such as George Bush's celebrated remark to Marcos in 1981, "We love your adherence to democratic principles and democratic processes.")

In the case of Chile, the Reagan administration initially reversed the Carter policy of publicly criticizing Pinochet for torturing political prisoners and restricting liberty. It also stopped voting against Chilean applications for World Bank loans. Reagan sent as his first ambassador a political appointee, the late James Theberge, who carried out a policy of quiet diplomacy—very quiet diplomacy—that failed to move Pinochet toward reform any more than had Carter's policy of loud sanctions.

The Reagan policy toward Chile changed substantially, though, beginning in 1985. This was part of a general shift from Kirkpatrick Corollary No. 1 to Kirkpatrick Corollary No. 2 as the guide for American policy in several parts of the world. Some of the credit goes to Congress, which made it clear that it would not provide military aid to El Salvador unless the government stopped death squad killings. Part of the credit goes to countries such as Argentina, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru, which independently ousted military regimes, established civilian governments, and demonstrated to the Reagan administration that democracy could be a viable alternative to both right-wing and left-wing dictatorship. By the end of Reagan's first term, democracy seemed to be the wave of the future in the Western Hemisphere, and the Reaganites, hoping to claim some responsibility, looked for ways to sustain it.

The example of the Philippines reinforced their hopes. A group of Reagan administration officials, mainly in the State Department, realized early on that the longer Marcos remained in power, the more likely the Philippines was to go Communist, with the resultant loss of strategic U.S. bases. The stunning success of "people power" seemed to validate the approach of these democratic activists in the administration. Their number included—hard to believe as it may be for critics of his Central America policies—Elliott Abrams. Some Chilean democrats think, in fact, that they are the beneficiaries of attempts by Abrams and Secretary of State George Shultz to balance a policy on Nicaragua that arouses criticism all over the world with a policy toward the notorious Pinochet that attracts the world's praise.

However that may be, since 1985 the administration has pursued a praiseworthy policy. That year it sent a new ambassador to Santiago—career diplomat Harry Barnes—who immediately set about identifying with Pinochet's democratic opposition. Christian Democrats and moderate Socialists, previously shunned, got high-level attention when they visited Washington. In early 1986 the United States sponsored a resolution at the United Nations Commission on Human Rights denouncing Chilean human rights abuses. When then-White House chief of staff Donald Regan was asked on television whether the United States was trying to destabilize the Pinochet regime, he answered that no such effort was under way "at the moment."

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In 1986 and 1987 the United States abstained when Chilean applications for World Bank loans came up for approval, and got other nations to do the same, as a sign of displeasure with Pinochet's human rights abuses. Reagan critics in Congress and elsewhere asserted that the United States should have voted "No." Administration officials claimed that the United States could not have blocked the loans anyway and would have looked weak trying, and that Chile was practicing an exemplary economic policy that the United States did not want to disrupt.

In any event, Santiago clearly considered the Reagan administration an adversary. Pinochet supporters, especially Adm. Jose Toribio Merino, repeatedly denounced "foreign intervention" whenever the administration issued a human rights criticism. In three years Pinochet has refused to receive Barnes more than a handful of times. "Barnes is not the most grata of personae," an opposition leader said recently. "He is the best ambassador the United States could have sent." After Communist guerrillas attempted to assassinate Pinochet in September 1986, the general suggested in a newspaper interview that the CIA might have played a role in the attempt. When Congress voted $1 million in aid to help democratic groups organize for Pinochet's plebiscite this month, the government denounced them as hirelings of the United States.

It is partly Pinochet's own fault, and mostly due to the moderation and energy of Chile's democrats, that he was defeated by a margin of 55 percent to 43 percent. In an act of supreme hubris, he had called the vote, believing that the people would keep him in power as thanks for his establishing stability and suppressing communism. Instead, the country voted "No," in keeping with democratic traditions interrupted when the army overthrew Salvador Allende in 1973. Contrary to leftist myth, the United States did not engineer that coup, though it certainly did finance opposition to Allende's Marxist regime.

This year the United States again had a hand in aiding the opposition—but this time, in an open manner, through the National Endowment for Democracy, and in public warnings on the eve of the plebiscite that there should be no interference with the vote. American sources say Pinochet supporters in the army and the intelligence service were tempted to prevent Pinochet's defeat but that the air force, navy, and National Police objected.

The vote does not ensure democracy in Chile. The Chilean constitution guarantees that Pinochet can stay in power until March 1990, and that he can remain as commander in chief of the armed forces and a member of the all-powerful National Security Council until 1994. Opposition forces naturally want constitutional change; the moderates will settle for it after elections scheduled for next year, whereas left-wing parties want it sooner. The role for the United States is not to interfere, but to urge that the next phase of elections takes place and that all parties be willing to negotiate peaceably. There is a good chance that this right-wing dictatorship will change into a democracy, and the United States—after a bad start—can take credit for helping the process along.

NOTEBOOK

□ TNR FALL FASHION GUIDE (HARD-TO-PLEASE DEPT.):
"Dukakis has a long way to go in making voters feel comfortable with him. For the life of me, I don't understand why he wears those forbidding dark suits with coat buttoned . . ." —TNR, September 26
"First . . . he dressed up like GI Joe. . . . Two days later . . . he donned crisp khaki pants, suede outdoorsy jacket, and unscuffed Timberland boots. . . . Why did Dukakis look so silly?" —TNR, October 10
(thanks to Jeffrey Segall, Santa Barbara, California)

□ CARDS ON THE TABLE: When Bush calls Dukakis "a card carrying member" of the ACLU, is this a malicious allusion to Joe McCarthy's "card carrying Communists"? Or is it fair game—as Republicans maintain—since Dukakis himself used the phrase during the Democratic primary campaign? We think the slur is not saved by this fact. A label applied by others can take on a very different implication than one applied to oneself. For example, blacks sometimes ironically call one another "nigger," but for a white to call a black by this term is invariably offensive. Dukakis used the term "card carrying member" precisely because of its history as a McCarthyite slur. He was expressing solidarity with the victims of civil liberties abuse and their protectors. When Bush applies the label to Dukakis, the connotation is very different.

□ CASTRO CONVERTIBLE:
Talks on Cuban Pullout Adjourn Without Accord
—*Washington Post*, September 30
Accord on Cuban Pullout From Angola Reported
—*New York Times*, same day
(thanks to Bill Pascoe, Arlington, Virginia)

CAMPAIGN '88

THE OTHER DUKE

NOT LONG AGO, a group of scholars decided to find out what "Dukakis" means in the original Greek. For months they sifted through ancient texts and finally came up with an answer. It means "McGovern."

A funny joke, perhaps, but not very telling. Michael Dukakis is a liberal, but he's hardly a clone of George McGovern. The idea of a McGovern presidency is scary. A Dukakis presidency isn't. I suspect his administration would be, on balance, only slightly to the left of a Bush administration. But there's another aspect of Dukakis that I do find troubling—the Duke himself. He's slippery, de-

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ceptive, hypocritical. Dukakis not only makes his current positions as fuzzy as possible, he sneaks away from old embarrassing ones without taking responsibility for them.

A good example is decriminalization of marijuana. Jim Dorsey, Dukakis's gubernatorial press secretary, says Dukakis has always opposed decriminalization, even for possession of small amounts of marijuana. While campaigning in California in May, Dukakis took exception when his wife, Kitty, suggested that decriminalization of some drugs, including marijuana, should be considered. "Not for it, not for it," Dukakis said. His policy as president would be "a combination of enforcement and treatment."

There's evidence that he had a different position in his first term as governor. A 1978 letter found in the state archives puts Dukakis on record as willing to sign decriminalization legislation. "I would not be opposed to legislation that would create non-criminal fines for the possession of marijuana, as opposed to the present criminal penalties," the letter said. Dukakis never got a chance to sign such legislation, though, because it was defeated. Besides the letter, Dukakis's press secretary in his first term, Alan Raymond, was quoted in late 1977 in the *Real Paper*, a now-defunct Boston weekly, as saying Dukakis was willing to sign whatever drug bill the legislature passed.

Decriminalization was a perfectly respectable position at the time, and still is. As a presidential candidate, Dukakis has an easy way out. He could say that his old position was based on scientific knowledge that is now outdated. But Dukakis hasn't said this. He's pretended that his earlier position never existed.

DUKAKIS IS deceptive in a different way on his veto of a 1977 bill that requires schoolteachers to recite the Pledge of Allegiance in their classrooms each day. He'll accept cheers but no criticism for his veto. He suggests that a veto was the only constitutional route he could have taken and that those who criticize him are questioning his patriotism. Maybe they are, maybe they aren't. But Dukakis did have another option back in 1977. Rather than veto the bill, he could have asked the legislature to adjust it so that a teacher could decline to have the class recite the Pledge for reasons of conscience. Even if the legislature had refused and allowed no exceptions, Dukakis could now point out that he had sought to make recitation of the Pledge normal procedure in Massachusetts schools. And Bush would have no issue, or at least less of one.

On two big issues, the deficit and arms control, Dukakis leaves the voters in the dark. At the same time, he accuses Bush of avoiding real issues. Dukakis has offered no plan, credible or otherwise, to deal with the deficit. The most he says is that stiffened enforcement by the IRS will increase revenues. But raise taxes? He won't commit himself, except to say he'd increase them as "a last resort."

On arms control, Dukakis says he's against building most new weapons systems. Then he fudges. He opposes Star Wars as "a fantasy," but also says he'd deploy it if it works. He's against the B-1 bomber, but it's unclear whether he'd shut down the production lines turning out the planes. From the start of the campaign, he's been against the MX and Midgetman missiles. But wait. Now he says he'd consult with Congress to decide if either one, or some other modernized, land-based missile, should be developed. Who knows what he really wants to do? Not I. Dukakis is a smart guy. If he wanted us to know, he'd find a way to tell us clearly.

Dukakis has a knack for being for and against the same thing. Take the invasion of Grenada in 1983. He's for it, if the lives of the American medical students were in danger. But he says it's not clear whether they were or not, and may never be. Of course, President Reagan also didn't know for sure when he ordered the invasion. Given what Reagan knew, would Dukakis have invaded? He isn't saying. He was quick to rebut Bush, however, in their first debate when Bush charged that Dukakis had opposed the invasion.

ONE OF Dukakis's most persistent tricks is claiming credit for something he deserves virtually no credit for. On the other hand, he usually blames others when he's at fault. He boasts of balancing ten state budgets in a row, though he's required by law to balance the budget. He takes full credit for the economic boom in Massachusetts, though the boom is actually regional and other New England states are doing better. David Wilson of the *Boston Globe* explained that the structure of the Massachusetts work force is the biggest factor. "Job categories with the most favorable unemployment rates are concentrated here, while those with the severest problems—farming, mining, the Rust Belt, the oil patch—are elsewhere. Michael Dukakis had little or nothing to do with any of this. . . . He could not have done anything about it if he had tried."

In political style, Dukakis is the Richard Nixon of the 1980s (minus Watergate). He piously stays above the fray while his aides bludgeon away. Like Nixon, Dukakis pulled off a political rebirth. He became the new Mike in 1982, when he ousted Governor Ed King, who had driven him out of office in 1978. Dukakis, once a pure reformer, said that after his defeat he worked on becoming "a lot more sensitive to the political side of things." Boy, did he succeed.

David Nyhan of the *Boston Globe* writes in *The Duke*, his excellent account of Dukakis's rise, that Dukakis "put together the finest political machine ever assembled in Massachusetts." He became, in the phrase of Republican consultant Todd Domke, "a reformed reformer." The reformer, says Domke, "is loyal to his ideals. The politician is loyal to his friends. But the reformed reformer is only loyal to his own political advancement. He rationalizes that if he is successful in winning and keeping power, his ideals will ultimately catch up with him."

When the Dukakis campaign was nabbed for leaking a videotape showing Joe Biden's plagiarism, Dukakis announced, "Anybody who knows me knows I abhor negative campaigning." In truth, the tape incident was charac-

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teristic of the Dukakis style. In their book on Dukakis, *Dukakis and the Reform Impulse*, Boston writers Richard Gaines and Michael Segal recount how Dukakis, while a professor at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, authorized a campaign of leaks against King. "The information would typically be passed on by the Dukakis holdovers still working throughout the King administration," they write. Dukakis would leave the leaking to an aide, and thus preserve deniability. Among the stories leaked was an overblown one to the effect that King had the state pay for lavish lobster dinners in his statehouse office. Dukakis said earlier this year he couldn't remember that incident.

"What we found overall in the Dukakis campaigns was that he had the capacity to lull his opponents into underestimating him, into believing he was a boy scout, and then at a critical moment in the campaign the boy scout figuratively took a stiletto out of his shorts and cut his opponent to shreds," said Gaines in a Boston television interview. The opponent didn't have to be a serious one to be cut down. In 1986 Republican George Kariotis had no chance of beating Dukakis. Still, his dispute with the state revenue department over the tax on his boat was leaked. Kariotis said those dealings were supposed to be confidential. Kariotis was also asked by a reporter about his loss of a liquor license for selling booze to minors. It turned out that another man of the same name was the culprit. "It is obvious to me that the Dukakis people combed the computer records for violations of this sort and came up with this beauty," Kariotis says. "No reporter would have access to these kinds of records."

OK, Dukakis isn't the only politician to play hardball. Bush does it. Nor is Dukakis the first pol to rediscover his roots for political gain. (This prompted the one-liner, "I knew Dukakis before he was Greek"—before 1986.) The difference is that Dukakis says he doesn't play raw politics. You have to wonder about people like that, especially since the last fellow to make that claim was Jimmy Carter.

FRED BARNES

The ACLU's wrong course.

CARD GAMES

GEORGE BUSH'S ATTACKS on the ACLU may have scored with the voters, but they've struck out with the mandarins of the media. From left to right, Bush has been denounced with the dreaded "M"-word: McCarthyism. The *Times* scourged Bush for reviving one of the "epithets of the McCarthy era," and praised the ACLU as "broadly based." Similarly, William Safire raised the specter of a "McCarthyite smear," and lauded the ACLU for defending "the most unpopular causes on constitutional grounds." The reputation of the ACLU as "leftish" was, in Safire's view, "widespread" but "shallow."

Are the mandarins right? Well, the ACLU did make genuine contributions to the defense of civil liberties and civil rights in years past. But as Ronald Reagan and Jesse Jackson have noted, "facts are stubborn things." And in fact, the ACLU has strayed very far from its old agenda of civil liberties and civil rights. A new agenda of exotic left-wing causes now occupies most of the Union's time and energy. This agenda is fundamentally hostile to the processes of American constitutional democracy, and should be rejected by thoughtful democrats of all parties.

IN 1920 fundamental civil liberties and civil rights were at a low ebb, and from the year of its founding the ACLU participated in many classic cases. The *Scopes* case (1925) saw the Union defend the right of a public schoolteacher to discuss the theory of evolution with his students. In 1933 the Union secured a ruling that James Joyce's *Ulysses* was not obscene, and thus could be imported into the United States. In *Hague* v. *CIO* (1939), the Union established the right of labor organizers to assemble, distribute literature, and speak in public streets. The Union helped take the *Korematsu* case (1944), which protested the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II, to the Supreme Court. The Union also joined in the now-famous *Barnette* case (1943), which invalidated state laws requiring Jehovah's Witness schoolchildren to salute the flag despite their religious objections. And in 1954 the ACLU helped win the historic desegregation decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*.

These cases typify the "old agenda" of the ACLU. They address the rights of free speech, free press, free exercise of religion, freedom of assembly and association, and freedom from official acts of racism. Almost every case taken up by the Union in its first 30 years involved one or another of these rights; the ACLU's old agenda was limited to these issues.

In vindicating these rights, the ACLU improved the operation of our constitutional democracy. By pressing the political arena to open itself to all viewpoints and all groups of citizens, the Union helped to provide, in its own words, "the missing ingredient that made our constitutional system finally work." It's hard to imagine a genuine constitutional democracy without the rights defended under the ACLU's old agenda; that agenda thus had a real value for American society as a whole.

Indeed, the ACLU itself used to employ this rationale. Civil liberties and civil rights were not defended "for their own sake," but rather for their *instrumental* value in promoting democracy in America. In 1955 the Union's executive director defined the ACLU's focus as "clearing the main channels of political liberty." He defined those channels as "freedom of inquiry and communication, fair procedures, and non-discriminatory treatment on the basis of individual merit, blind to race, color, or religion." Ironically, this explanation appeared just before the ACLU underwent a major transformation, adopting a new agenda and raison d'être.

We've heard the litany before, but some views of to-

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day's ACLU merit restating. According to the ACLU, airport security checkpoints violate our right against unreasonable searches, and public school dress codes violate schoolchildren's right of self-expression. The ACLU urges repeal of all drug laws and laws against prostitution, and has objected to laws allowing the post office to stop delivering obscene materials upon customer request. The Union wants to remove the words "Under God" from the Pledge of Allegiance as violating the principle of separation of Church and state. The Union has said that Roman Catholic nuns should be barred from wearing their traditional habits when teaching in public schools. And when New York prohibited the use of children in depictions of sexual acts, the ACLU helped try to invalidate the law.

In sum, since the 1960s the interests of the ACLU have changed radically. The old agenda survives in part, but the Union has added a "new agenda" that now dominates its attention. This new agenda includes support for racial quotas and a virtual elimination of religion from public life. It also calls for substantial expansion of abortion rights, prisoners' rights, criminal defendants' rights, rights of the mentally ill, and other rights of similar ilk.

SOME WILL object to the new agenda's substantive positions. But more alarming is that the new agenda has a pernicious underlying theme: hostility to the processes of constitutional democracy. This hostility appears in two basic forms: first, in attempts to override democratic processes, and replace them with judicial decrees, in ever larger spheres of public life; and second, in attempts to expand individual "rights" without regard for countervailing public interests.

Overriding democratic political processes. The premise of the old ACLU was that if the political process were opened to all citizens and all viewpoints, then the process would generate tolerably fair results. The ACLU's old agenda sought merely to "level the playing field" before the game was played. That's why the ACLU used to advocate "nondiscriminatory treatment on the basis of individual merit, blind to race, color, or religion." But that all changed in 1973, when the Union decided to reverse its earlier position and support racial quotas. Now the ACLU is in the Supreme Court supporting a racial quota program that would force the city of Richmond, Virginia, to award 30 percent of all public works contracts to businesses owned by blacks or members of other racial minorities. "Individual merit" no longer matters, and the ACLU certainly doesn't want Richmond to be "blind to race." Equal opportunity is no longer enough: now specified *results* are demanded, despite the openness of existing political processes.

The same distrust of democracy can be seen in the ACLU's repeated attempts to force traditionally legislative questions into the judicial arena. Take abortion rights, for example. Since the legalization of abortion in 1973, many states have enacted laws requiring pregnant minors to notify their parents before obtaining abortions. The ACLU opposes such laws as unconstitutional restrictions on the right of minor girls to have abortions. By trying to move this dispute out of the legislatures and into the judiciary, the ACLU shows a preference for government by appointed judges rather than by elected representatives.

The ACLU's position on prisoners' rights is another example of this preference. In the *Wolfish* case (1979), a group of inmates at a New York City jail complained about their living conditions. Among their complaints: that the elevator leading to their exercise facilities was too slow; that the prison library did not have adequate Xeroxing facilities; and that inmates were not provided with individual sleeping quarters. The ACLU urged the Supreme Court to affirm the relief granted in the lower courts. Fortunately, a majority of the justices disagreed with the Union's views, rejecting the idea "that there is some sort of 'one man, one cell' principle" in the Bill of Rights. Democratic processes are more accessible to diverse voices and viewpoints today than ever before, partly due to the ACLU's own efforts. Yet the ACLU's new agenda seeks to trump those democratic processes by ever increasing reliance on the courts, the least democratic branch of government.

Unbalanced individual rights. In the ACLU's old agenda, there was no conflict between enhanced individual rights and legitimate public interests. On the contrary, the individual rights promoted by the old agenda made the democratic process work better, which was clearly in the public interest. But the ACLU's new agenda exalts the desires of individuals without serious regard for genuine countervailing interests of society as a whole.

The ACLU's views on criminal defendants' rights illustrate this unbalanced attitude. Everyone knows that evidence obtained in an unconstitutional search is inadmissible in a criminal trial. But today's ACLU seeks to stretch that principle beyond recognition. In the recent *Ciraolo* cases, two policemen saw some large marijuana plants growing in a man's backyard as they flew in a plane overhead. They obtained a search warrant, seized the plants, and arrested the man. But at trial, he sought to block admission of the evidence of the search, arguing that the flight over his yard had violated his rights. The ACLU agreed, condemning the police for infringing on "our historic expectations" of privacy. How does the ACLU expect the police to do their job if they cannot use their own eyes? Perhaps we can infer an answer from the views of Roger Baldwin, the ACLU's founder. He once said that he would not serve on a jury, because he never wanted to take part in convicting anyone. When asked how any society could survive without punishing criminals, he answered, "That's your problem."

The same cavalier attitude can be found in the ACLU's handling of the Joyce Brown case. Last October, New York City started trying to hospitalize mentally ill homeless persons, including Brown. She seemed a suitable candidate: diagnosed as psychotic in 1985, Brown was "living" on a hot-air vent at a Manhattan street corner. She was well known for her abusive language and aggressive behavior. But when she was hospitalized against her will, ACLU lawyers came forward to defend Brown's right to choose what they called an "alternative lifestyle." They

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forced Brown's release from the hospital, and by March 1988 she was on the street again, begging and yelling obscenities in Times Square.

What can explain the ACLU's sea change? Partly, the ACLU is a victim of success. After its great early victories, America's "main channels of political liberty" were largely clear. But most organizations don't disband after accomplishing their objectives; rather, they define new objectives, perhaps unrelated to their old ones. This is called the "March of Dimes" effect, after the charity founded to help find a cure for polio. After the cure was found, the organization redirected itself toward the elimination of birth defects.

To be sure, the ACLU tries to conceal its transformation. It no longer publishes details of its caseload in its annual reports, and I was refused access to past annual reports when I visited ACLU headquarters in New York while researching this article. But the facts are plain enough. The ACLU of 1988 has about as much to do with civil liberties as the AT&T of 1988 has to do with telegraphs: maybe they're still in the product catalog, but they're certainly not where the action is. In advertising itself primarily as a civil liberties organization, the ACLU is taking uncivil liberties with the truth.

MARK S. CAMPISANO

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Make that 999 points of light and one dim bulb.

ROBOFLOP

BY HENDRIK HERTZBERG

DESPITE HIS pee-pants performance in the Omaha debate against Lloyd Bentsen, it looks as if Dan Quayle, 41, will be president one of these days. Consider the politico-actuarial probabilities. Assuming the Republican lead endures, the junior senator from Indiana will be elected vice president. This alone will give him an even chance of becoming president. Three out of the last five presidents were vice president first. Seven out of the last ten vice presidents have ended up heading a national ticket, and four (five if you presumptively count George Bush) got all the way to the Oval Office. Of this century's vice presidents Quayle's age, all became president. Admittedly, the sample is small: T. Roosevelt, vice president at 42 in 1901, and R. Nixon, vice president at 40 in 1953. Still, makes you think, doesn't it?

Vice President Quayle is sure to make his move sooner or later. Maybe later—skinny Yankees like Bush are notoriously long-lived. But maybe sooner. Life is a fragile thing. We live in a hazardous world. A lot of things can happen. Let's say it's next April, and President Bush is out having a brisk springtime sail off Kennebunkport. Maybe he gets his tie caught in the jam cleat. Or maybe, just maybe, he doesn't hear the cry of "Hard to lee!" when the boom sweeps over the deck. Suddenly—*bonk! splash!*—a vacancy occurs, and J. Danforth Quayle III, maybe still dressed in his lime green golf pants, putter in hand, standing at the club bar, takes the oath of office as the 42nd president of the United States.

At this point, the question becomes the one Quayle so conspicuously failed to answer in Omaha: once we've all had a good pray, what next? The answer, probably, is that the United States would enter a brief Regency period. The regent, in those first panicky months, would be Secretary of State James Baker. For a while, Quayle would perform as he performed in the debate, fearful of disobeying the instructions of his programmers. But as President Quayle gained confidence, the struggle between the Republican moderates and the ideological hard right, formerly assumed to have been settled in the moderates' favor by the nomination and election of Bush, would flare up again. Quayle would grow bored with taking orders from Baker (who, after all, had let it be known during the convention that he had wanted Bush to pick a different running mate) and his Ivy League buddies in the Cabinet junta. The instincts of the vain and unreflective young president would begin to reassert themselves. We can imagine what those instincts might be, given a political character shaped by a grandfather who was one of the most prominent reactionaries of his time (see "Pulliam Strings" by Mark Hosenball, page 18), by a father who takes pride to this day in his membership in the John Birch Society, which declared that Dwight Eisenhower was a conscious agent of the communist conspiracy, and by a wife who has spent dozens of hours in her parents' home listening to the tape-recorded rantings of a fundamentalist sect leader named Col. Robert Thieme who often wears his uniform in the pulpit and who believes that the United States government is in the grip of a "satanic conspiracy."

On the foreign policy side, out-of-favor right-wingers who had been careful to praise Quayle during the post-convention days when everybody else was damning him—

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Richard Perle, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Kenneth Adelman—would ascend to glory. On the domestic side, on-the-shelf "cultural conservatives" such as William Bennett and Gary Bauer would stage a similar comeback. With Central America in flames, Soviet-American relations in ruins, NATO turning toward Gorbachev as a source of stability, and police hosing down crowds demonstrating against the appointment of Orrin Hatch to the Supreme Court, conflict between the White House and the Democratic majorities in the House and Senate would escalate to red alert. In 1992 President Quayle would run for a full term as the feisty Midwestern underdog giving "the do-nothing, blame-America-first 102nd Congress" hell. After Reagan's clay-animation cartoon of FDR, Quayle's Truman impression. From the daddy to the caddy.

OR MAYBE the Age of Quayle will never dawn. The Omaha debate seemed to hold out that possibility. Never in the 28-year history of televised joint appearances by national party nominees has any candidate "lost" so decisively without committing an obvious suicidal gaffe.

The debate was preceded by an unusually Byzantine "expectations" game. Complex signals were coming from the journalists, consultants, and spin doctors who collectively make up what might be called the expectorate. (Or, for purposes of vice presidential commentary, the warm expectorate.) The expectorate's thinking went something like this. Quayle was expected to do poorly. Therefore, Quayle was expected to do well because expectations for him were so low that he could hardly fail to do better than expected. On the other hand, most observers expected Bentsen to do well, but because most observers expected him to do well most observers couldn't see how he could meet the expectations most observers expected of him. That's why most observers expected him to do poorly. In other words—oh, never mind.

By these low standards, I thought Quayle would surely "win." He couldn't. He did all right for about the first 15 minutes, handling the tough, often harsh questions of the panel of reporters in a functional if robotlike manner. Then Tom Brokaw sadistically asked him to describe the last time he had visited a poor family and to tell how he had explained to that family his votes against the school breakfast program, the school lunch program, and the expansion of the child immunization program. In a quavering voice Quayle said he had too met with "those people" and that "they didn't ask me those questions on those votes, because they were glad that I took time out of my schedule to go down and talk about how we're going to get a food bank going . . ."

After this unpleasant display of condescension the debate began to go sour for Quayle. Some of his barbs were still effective, such as his attack on Bentsen's now abandoned $10,000-a-time "breakfast club" for lobbyists ("I'm sure they weren't paying to have corn flakes"). Others were not, such as his demagogic promise never to have another grain embargo—or, as he jumpily called it, "another Jimmy Carter grain embargo, Jimmy, Jimmy Carter, Jimmy Carter grain embargo, Jimmy Carter grain embargo." As the minutes ticked away, the admixture of gibberish grew richer, the candidate's manner more and more tense and rigid.

Bentsen's now famous saber thrust to the belly—"Senator, you're no Jack Kennedy"—won both ears, the tail, and the debate. But by then Quayle's affect had been thoroughly flattened by the repeated questions about his qualifications. Actually, they were questions about what he would do if he suddenly succeeded to the presidency. But the only *answer* Quayle could find in his mental card file was about his qualifications, so he repeated it—twice, three times, four times—with what appeared to be mounting anxiety. Quayle was like a teenager in a horror movie who thinks the monster has finally been killed, only to have it leap out again from behind a tree. The ritual words they'd given him—I have 12 years of experience in Congress, here are the three big issues, I'll know the Cabinet personally—had no effect. The thing kept coming. When in desperation he used the ultimate incantation, the sacred name of JFK, all it did was bring forth an even worse horror—and this time not from the cackling coven of the press, but from the tall white-haired wizard who until then had seemed courtly if not kindly.

Quayle could have simply said that he would continue the policies of the president he would be succeeding, and could have dared Bentsen to say the same. Instead Quayle kept talking about how ready and qualified he was to take over the ultimate power, a prospect he seemed to find as frightening as many voters do. In short, he turned himself into one of those "President Quayle" bugaboo buttons the Democrats were handing out beforehand.

THE FLOPSWEAT was all over Quayle in the second half of the debate. While his slide was less a matter of particular statements than of general demeanor, three moments of supreme silliness do stand out.

Asked to name a "work of literature or art" that had impressed him lately, Quayle cited a book by . . . Richard Nixon. Also a book by the other senator from Indiana, Richard Lugar, and *Nicholas and Alexandra* by Robert Massie. One CBS guest commentator said that this answer "came across as non-prepared." I didn't think so, as I had heard it before—in an interview with Quayle a few days earlier.

Asked to describe some key experience that had shaped his political philosophy, Quayle said there had been a lot of them, but there was one in particular that he kept coming back to, that he talked about in commencement addresses, that he talked about in high schools, that he talked about in job training centers, that he talked about to his own children, that he talked about to other people's children—on and on went the buildup, and to what? To an incredibly banal piece of advice from his grandmother, namely, "You can do anything you want if you just set your mind to it." When the Democratic claque laughed at this, Quayle added petulantly, "Now the Dukakis supporters sneer at that because it's common sense. They sneer at commonsense advice, Midwestern advice, Midwestern

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advice from a grandmother to a grandson, important advice, something that we ought to talk about." His problem was immaturity; yet he chose to present himself as a child at his grandma's knee.

Finally there was his closing statement, which he began by saying, somewhat rashly, "You have been able to see Dan Quayle as I really am," and ended by saying, in a flourish that sounded like a literal translation from some language other than English, "George Bush has the experience, and with me the future—a future committed to our family, a future committed to the freedom." What?

THE DAN QUAYLE I followed on his last big pre-debate swing was a happier man than the fearful, angry zombie of the television debate. The three-day trip through the South was probably the least stressful interlude Quayle has had or will have in this campaign. The National Guard business had quieted. Quayle hadn't had a press conference in nearly two weeks (not since the one in which, memorably, he had called the Holocaust "an obscene period in American history" and then, trying to explain that he meant this century's history, blurted out, "I didn't live in this century") and had no plans to have another. He was traveling in magnificent style. His ticket was looking like a winner. All this made for a contented candidate.

To travel with Quayle is to be made more than usually aware of the absurdity of "covering" a fully entouraged American political candidate. It's fun, of course. Traveling with a candidate is always fun, because it's always fun to pal around with one's fellow reporters, ride in chartered airplanes, stay in hotels, and pass through barricades into press sections from which regular people are barred—all at company expense. One enters a movable cocoon of privilege and adventure, a zone of magic. But in the case of Quayle, the zone was touched by twilight. The ratio of miles traveled, pizzas eaten, and expense receipts collected to insights gleaned was unusually high.

Take day two. Quayle "did" a total of seven "events," but only three were open to the press; the other four were closed fund-raisers. At the open events, the press was kept at a distance. We watched Quayle's speech to the students of McNeese State University in Lake Charles, Louisiana, from the balcony of the auditorium. We watched his remarks to Asian Americans in Houston, Texas, from the far end of a hotel ballroom. We watched him address a tarmac rally in El Paso, Texas, from a roped-off section 30 yards away. I had brought a pair of binoculars powerful enough to see the moons of Jupiter. These were much in demand. The plane had two entrances, so there was no danger of encountering the candidate when embarking or disembarking. Total time spent airborne: three-and-a-half hours. Total time spent riding in motorcades: two hours. Total time spent waiting around: three hours. Total time spent watching the candidate read speeches: 55 minutes.

Quayle's role was mostly limited to reading aloud. In speeches, he was permitted to interpolate an occasional interjection—for example, he might say, "And you know what? That's the big difference between us and our opponents," instead of just "That's the big difference between us and our opponents"—but apart from that he stuck closely to the texts handed to him by his minders. I call them minders rather than handlers, the usual term, because the part of the candidate's person they substitute for is the mind, not the hands. Perhaps someday we could have a political campaign in which this pattern is reversed and the staff does the handshaking while the candidate does the thinking.

THE TONE was set at the very first event, a joint appearance with Bush at a big rally near Nashville. Quayle sailed immediately into his assault on Michael Dukakis. "He is for abortion on demand," Quayle read. "He is against the death penalty for cop killers and drug kingpins. He is for cutting the muscle out of our strategic defense. He is opposed to cutting taxes. He is opposed to asking teachers in his state to lead students in the Pledge of Allegiance. He supports the American Civil Liberties Union and its extreme positions." And so on. Then the peroration: "Here's my summary. When you review all his positions, you could call him Mr. Tax Increase. You could call him Mr. Polluter. You can call him Mr. Weak on National Defense. You can call him Mr. Weekend Furlough. But lemme tell you, my friends, come November 8 there is one thing the American people will never call the man from Massachusetts and that is Mr. President!"

There was a good deal of this sort of thing. The indictment of Dukakis was wrong, or at least distorted, in every particular. Dukakis is against capital punishment on principle, but shows no special solicitude for cop killers or drug kingpins. Our strategic defense has no muscle to cut out. Dukakis has no generic opposition to tax cuts; he does oppose the capital gains tax cut for the rich that Bush and Quayle are campaigning for. Dukakis is not opposed to "asking" teachers to lead the Pledge, he's opposed to forcing them to do so. Dukakis supports the ACLU, but, like many other members, he does not support its more extreme positions.

The minders chose to have Quayle expand on the ACLU point at the Houston meeting of Asian Americans for Bush. It was faintly nauseating to watch this audience of Asian American faces cheering Quayle's attack on one of the few groups that provided leadership in the fight against the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II. Nor did they know what they were cheering about. Of the dozen or so I talked to afterward, all said they approved of Quayle's attack, and all said they knew nothing about the ACLU other than what they have heard from Bush and Quayle.

There were two unscripted talks—in New Orleans to the National Alliance of Business, and at a Job Corps center in El Paso. Quayle could be trusted to go off the cuff because the subject was the Job Training Partnership Act of 1983, his single legislative achievement. It replaced the old Comprehensive Education and Training Act with a more decentralized, more business-dominated program. Quayle co-sponsored the bill with Edward Kennedy, and

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when he talks about it he sounds almost like a liberal—a neoliberal, anyway.

"For the first time in our nation's history we've said that a dislocated worker, someone that has no real chance of going back to their place of employment, has the opportunity and the right to receive help through the Job Training Partnership Act. Before, under the CETA program, they were excluded. But we recognize the dynamics that were changing in our society, the dynamics that you have 600,000 businesses that start up in a year, but you also have businesses that don't make it. And we changed the culture and attitude of the work force around to say, 'You shouldn't feel that it's your fault that you lost your job. It's not because you didn't work hard. It's not because you didn't come to work on time. It's not because you weren't willing to invest. The reason you lost the job was because the company made a decision not to continue, through no fault of your own.' . . ."

This side of Quayle is a puzzlement. To be sure, he faithfully represented business interests in his work on the job training program. Still, it's essentially a liberal program, because it sanctions public intervention in the job market. His work on it is vastly outweighed by an otherwise almost spotless record of opposition to civil rights bills, environmental controls, pro-labor legislation, and measures aimed at helping the poor. Yet his pride in the job training program must mean something. The question is whether it means he is potentially open-minded, intermittently softhearted, or just too intellectually inert to care about being consistent.

IF QUAYLE'S TRAINING program is aimed at workers who do nothing wrong but whose careers suffer anyway, his own experience is exactly the opposite. Most of us pay some sort of price for screwing up. Quayle never has. His high school guidance counselor told him his grades were too low for admission to DePauw University, where his grandfather was a trustee and major donor, but he got in anyway. In college he flunked the departmental exam that was supposed to be a prerequisite to graduation, but he graduated anyway. Although it was 1969, the height of the Vietnam War, a year when more than a quarter million young men were drafted and other Indianans were being told it would take years to get into the National Guard, Quayle landed a spot in a week flat, after a retired Guard general who worked for his family made a call on his behalf. Quayle was rejected by Indiana University Law School, but he got in anyway—under an affirmative action program, after he visited the dean of admissions, a Republican judge in a city (Indianapolis) where Quayle's grandfather owned the newspaper. (Soon thereafter, the grandfather made a large contribution to the law school.) Quayle was an indifferent law student, but he got a job in the state attorney general's office anyway. (His father had made a few calls.) He was a 29-year-old employee of his father's paper, but he got elected to Congress anyway, with the help of the paper and his own good looks. He was a poor congressman, but he got elected to the Senate anyway, in the 1980 Reagan landslide. Two years later the DePauw faculty voted against giving him an honorary degree, but he got it anyway. He was a mediocre senator, but Bush put him on the national ticket anyway. He blew the debate, but he'll probably be elected vice president anyway. At this rate he'll be president by cherry blossom time.

TO MY SURPRISE, I was given an interview with Quayle during the flight back to Washington. It had been a successful trip. The minders were feeling expansive. From a distance of two feet Quayle looks younger than he is, his face smooth and creamy, as if unmarked by life. He's good-looking, no denying that. If he were a woman he would be described as beautiful. His facial bones are delicate, and his mouth is what pulp fiction writers call sensual. This gives the lower half of his face a look that is either weak or sensitive, depending on your political predilections. Like his looks, his character seemed soft (in the sense of being unformed). My subjective impression was of a man who has no intellectual depth and not much imagination or empathy, but who is shrewd about the emotional texture of whatever situation he finds himself in. To me, he talked about "our" generation.

I started by asking him how, if at all, experience had caused him to modify the extremely conservative opinions he had been inculcated with since childhood.

"I would say that I've changed on many of the social issues—like civil rights, and things like the Job Training Partnership Act," said Quayle. "Getting government involved in a limited but effective way is a new type of conservative approach. Another difference is an understanding toward the environment and its importance. That gets more into this generational thing. I mean, we grew up with Martin Luther King. I didn't agree with everything he said, but certainly the goals of Martin Luther King are something we all subscribe to, whether you're conservative, liberal, Republican, Democrat—the only exceptions in our generation are those that are on the fringe. The same way with the environment. We are the ones that first experienced this global effect of looking at the problems of the environment.

"Those aren't things that we discussed a lot at the dinner table. The dinner table discussion was more along the lines of very strong anti-Communist feelings. And then there were a lot of good discussions about what you would do on campus, or whether girls would be allowed to visit one's room—things of that sort. So it was a normal type of chitchat that sometimes got confrontational about what was socially acceptable and what wasn't.

". . . In our generation things were changing so fast and going on so quickly that I think all people of my generation had that little bit of rebellion and independence with your parents. But in my case never anything that was too extreme. There wasn't any social rebellion where I said, 'Parents, you really don't know what it's all about.' Because I was too close to my parents for that."

"Any intellectual rebellion?" I asked.

"I think my intellectual rebellion, my interests in what I

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wanted to do from an intellectual basis, was formed much later than most. It wasn't formed in college, but later."

"What were the influences of that later development in terms of people or books?"

"Well, it wouldn't be an intellectual rebellion. I guess I read Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* in '68 or '69 and at the time I thought it was an interesting book. I haven't reread it, but I've read enough about it that I was really somewhat confused at the time. The sort of thing with the three layers. . . . That was sort of *the* book at the time. We all read it and we all talked about it. But as I look back now it was sort of an exercise in frivolous intellectual curiosity.

THE VICE SQUAD

Whatever the arguments over J. Danforth Quayle's ability to perform the top job, a student of the vice presidency would pronounce him eminently qualified for the No. 2 position. Light dusting and no windows, as John Adams, our first vice president, knew: "My country has in its wisdom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

Thomas Jefferson saw it as a positive boon for someone with hobbies and outside interests: "A more tranquil and unoffending station could not have been found for me nor one so analogous to the dispositions of my mind; it will give me philosophical evenings in the winter and rural days in the summer."

The most famous description of the job is that of "Cactus Jack" Garner, the first of Franklin Roosevelt's three vice presidents, who called it "a bucket of warm piss." That got Garner into the history books. It takes strong language for a vice president to achieve even this level of fame. That phrase is about all that is remembered of the once famous Cactus Jack, except by a corporal's guard of history professors. Save for the (dare we say?) fortunate few vice presidents whom tragedy or the threat of impeachment put in the White House, for 200 years this has been a Bermuda Triangle of a job. A standard vaudeville joke of the late 19th century concerned the lady whose two sons had disappeared, never to be heard of again. One had gone West to be a cowboy and the other East to become vice president.

There is no need for the office, which explains why Benjamin Franklin suggested that its occupant be styled "His Superfluous Excellency." It appears to have been created almost as an afterthought by the writers of the Constitution, who, by the time they got to considering this ill-starred position, were evidently too tired to think their problem through.

The mechanism for selecting the No. 2 man as it was first passed was a formula for schism and division. The vice president was the man who got the second most votes in the Electoral College. Under that arrangement Richard Nixon's vice president in his second term would have been George McGovern, and President Reagan's would have been Walter Mondale. It didn't take long for people to decide that this was a highly undesirable feature in the new, great charter of American government. The point was driven home when John Adams's chief rival and adversary, Thomas Jefferson, became his vice president.

Four years later, after his party, the National Republicans, had won the election, Jefferson was almost elected vice president instead of president. Because of lack of coordination and mixed signals, the National Republican members of the Electoral College gave the Virginian and his running mate, Aaron Burr, the same number of votes. This threw the election into the House of Representatives, where the minority, Jefferson-hating Federalists began voting for Burr for president and nearly had him elected. On the 36th ballot they stopped playing games and allowed Jefferson to assume the office to which he had been elected.

A correcting constitutional amendment was in order and was soon trotted out, setting up the arrangement we have suffered under to this day. In the debate over the amendment Gouverneur Morris prophesied that "the vice presidency would be but a bait to catch state gudgeons. The person chosen would . . . be perhaps unknown to the great part of the community, and probably unfit for those duties which the death of the president might call on him to perform." The trolling for state gudgeons began almost immediately, with results foreseen by Morris's colleague Senator William Plummer, who argued almost as though he had a Dan Quayle in mind: "In electing a subordinate office the electors will not require those qualifications requisite for supreme command. The office of vice president will be a sinecure. It will be brought to market and exposed to sale to ambitious, aspiring candidates for the presidency. Will his friends and favorites promote the election of a man of talents, probity, and general popularity for vice president, and who may be his rival? No! They will seek a man of moderate talents, whose ambition is bounded by that office, and whose influence will aid them in electing the president."

Dan Quayle is not the first to fulfill Plummer's pessimistic expectations. He's not even the first from Indiana, named "the Mother of Vice Presidents" by Thomas Marshall, a Hoosier veep himself. In the lineup of justly forgotten Hoosier vice presidential politicians let the name of Charles W. Fairbanks be remembered, but only briefly. This wealthy dullard was nominated to be Theodore Roosevelt's running mate in 1904, but not before a delegate making a seconding speech for the gentleman told the Republican National Convention that Fairbanks's supporters "realize that sound money makes sound banks and sound banks make Senator Fairbanks."

In running down the roster of vice presidential giants reared on the banks of the Wabash River the name of Schuyler ("The Great Smiler") Colfax ought not be omitted. This former Speaker of the House, whose rebarbatively ingratiating manners won him his nickname, was nominated to run in 1868 with Ulysses S. Grant and, while subsequently serving as vice president, was unmasked as a bribe taker in the Credit Mobilier scandal, possibly the most far-reaching corruption case in our history. Sitting

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As far as now, since I've come to the Senate I've been much more interested in trying to focus on what my intellectual approach is. Over spring vacation I read three books that I think were important."

At this point I got the full book report of which Quayle's "work of literature or art" debate answer was merely the executive summary. Hold on to your hat, here it comes:

"I read Nixon's book, *1999*. I read Richard Lugar's book on *The Letters to the Next President*. And I read Bob Massie's book on *Nicholas and Alexandra*. Nixon's book was about the Soviet Union and how we ought to handle them in the future, in 1999. Lugar's was much more of a foreign policy

Vice President Colfax appeared before a House investigating committee, where he lied and did all he could to obstruct what little justice there was to impede at the time. A sterner age would force Vice President Spiro Agnew from office for taking smaller bribes. The Great Smiler's career ended not because he was crooked but because for a few ill-considered weeks he dabbled with the idea of denying Grant a second term by getting the nomination for himself. For this he walked the plank and was replaced by Henry Wilson, "the Natick [Massachusetts] Cobbler." In those days they gave their politicians monikers the way we moderns bestow them on our athletic heroes.

Several great men have occupied the vice presidential office—Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt certainly. But there has only been one great vice president. Thomas Riley Marshall served two happy terms under Woodrow Wilson, content to be, as he once wrote in a letter to his boss, "your only vice." In contrast to recent veeps with elaborate Secret Service retinues to convince people of their importance, Marshall was happy to play the homespun game. "In the city of Denver, while I was vice president," he recalled, "a big, husky policeman kept following me around, until I asked him what he was doing. He said he was guarding my person. I said: 'Your labor is in vain. Nobody was ever crazy enough to shoot at a vice president. If you go away and find somebody to shoot at me, I'll go down in history as being the first vice president who ever attracted enough attention even to have a crank shoot at him."

Perhaps Marshall had less personal insecurity than other veeps because he had achieved an independent fame as the man who said, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." He was also famous in his time as a storyteller, going from place to place giving amusing speeches about Newt Plum, a legendary Hoosier with a high risibility quotient:

> I was seated in a smoking car in Indiana thinking about a campaign speech I was to make that night, when a large man slumped down in the seat beside me and remarked, "Mighty bad day for business," as he observed the rain falling in sheets.
>
> I asked the man: "What's your line?"
>
> "Automobile accessories," he replied. "What's yours?"
>
> Quickly reflecting I was out making campaign speeches, I replied, "My line is selling dope."
>
> "I thought they wouldn't let you sell that stuff," my seat partner commented.
>
> "But," I remarked, "I have a special arrangement with the administration for a short time."
>
> My sad reflection was that an Indiana vice president was not recognized in his own state.

This may or may not make Marshall the first of our vice presidential drug czars. The struggle to find duties for the veep has gone on since Washington. The custom of having them sit in on Cabinet meetings was begun early but observed only intermittently depending on the relationship between the two men. Marshall took the question of vice presidential duties as seriously as he took the office itself. "Since the days of John Adams," he said, "there has been a dread and fear that some vice president of the United States would break loose and raise hell and Maria with the administration. Everything that can be done, therefore, is done to furnish him with innocuous occupation. . . . Among the other nameless, unremembered things given him to do is the making of him a regent of the Smithsonian Institution. There, if anywhere, he has an opportunity to compare his fossilized life with the fossils of all ages."

Other vice presidents have found other ways to pass their years in office. Daniel Tompkins, James Monroe's veep, whose name, if not his memory, is perpetuated through a park on Manhattan's Lower East Side, spent his time in office drunk and absent from the Senate. Abraham Lincoln's second vice president, Andrew Johnson, was intoxicated when sworn in. So much so that he insulted the members of the Cabinet and greeted foreign dignitaries by hailing them with "you gentlemen of the diplomatic corps, with all your fine feathers and geegaws." He subsequently sobered up to escape impeachment by a single vote and to take his place with John Tyler as one of the two most politically disastrous vice presidents to ascend to the top job.

If some drank too much, others played around with New Age spirituality of a kind one associates with Shirley MacLaine. Henry A. Wallace was Franklin Roosevelt's second vice president. During the 1940 campaign, letters surfaced that Wallace, then secretary of agriculture, had written to his "guru," an improbable white Russian Manchurian mystic. Wallace, a brilliant man but a terrible politician, fed the cause of Republican ridicule by giving the president the code names of Wandering One or Flaming One in the letters. For this and other political bêtises Wallace was demoted in the next election cycle to secretary of commerce while Roosevelt shaped history by choosing Harry Truman. Wallace's dementia was never to desert him entirely, for ultimately he left government to become the editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Some made yet greater sacrifices. Garret A. Hobart was a precursor of the veeps of our own time who spend their years in office representing their chiefs at banquets and wreath layings. It was said that Hobart ate himself to death acting the stand-in for William McKinley at Washington dinner parties. Of course, if he hadn't, Teddy Roosevelt would not have been nominated for veephood and there would be a big, blank spot on the side of Mount Rushmore.

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review—the Philippines, South Africa, what we ought to be doing in Nicaragua. . . . And then Massie's book on Nicholas and Alexandra, which is a really interesting book on the downfall of the Russian czar and the Empire and the coming of Lenin and how that whole thing just crumbled when his father passed on unexpectedly and Alexandra had to take it and they had that child that had hemophilia. And it came through Queen Victoria and everybody sort of thought that the hemophilia was from the high living and they didn't realize it was hereditary. It comes through the mother. And Alexandra was from Germany. And it was a very good book of Rasputin's involvement in that, which shows how people that are really very weird can get into sensitive positions and have a tremendous impact on history."

I lifted an eyebrow; Quayle took a breath.

"Let's see. And then I read other things. Like I read Rick Smith's book on Washington power [*Power Game: How Washington Works*]. It's a good book, and, I thought, very accurate and to the point. So what I've been doing in the last eight years, I've been forming much more of my intellectual basis and pushing on how I really view the world and what the world means to me and how we're going to go forward. I've reread over the last four years both Plato's *Republic* and Machiavelli's *Prince*. I've enjoyed that. I was going to go back this summer and make myself read the *Republic* again but I never got around to it. I don't know if I would have gotten it done on the August break or not. But I was tempted to, because you always learn something by reading the classics. Particularly *The Prince*. I go through and look at this from this intellectual point of view, which I think is your question. Machiavelli had these three classes of mind, and it fits in so much with Plato's state. The first class was the person that was creative enough to be leader and be able to lead a great nation without much help. The second class of mind was one that wasn't creative but could take ideas, put people around him, and be able to lead nations forward. And the third class of people didn't really know much of anything. And they were the worst kind of leaders, because not only were they not creative, but they didn't know what was right or wrong and they just sort of went by whatever they felt like. I've tried to figure out where I am. I know I'm not the first one because I don't think I have that creativeness that Machiavelli talks about. If I go back and reread it I might figure it out exactly where I put myself. I'm somewhere in between two and one."

I'M NOT SURE what I can add to this. Quayle seemed like a pretty nice guy, and he can be charming. His political views, which is to say the political views of his grandparents and parents and minders, are of course awful. But they are awful in a way that unfortunately has become routine in recent years. The question raised by the prospect of President Quayle is the same as the question raised by the prospect of President Bush and for that matter by the reality of President Reagan: How long can a great nation afford to have silly leaders? □

Quayle's world.

PULLIAM STRINGS

BY MARK HOSENBALL

HAD AMERICA ADOPTED the British system of honors, Eugene C. Pulliam, press magnate and grandfather of Republican vice presidential candidate Dan Quayle, would have been an easy candidate for a hereditary peerage. According to a biography by Russell Pulliam, another of the publisher's grandsons, Pulliam shared many of the same character traits as British press barons like Beaverbrook and Northcliffe. For much of his career, Pulliam used his newspapers—not just the editorial pages but also the news columns—unashamedly to promote himself and his friends, and to lambaste his enemies. In business deals, he was often a bully. Pulliam's politics, over time, careened from center to far right and back again, but they were always advertised with moral certainty and swaggering bombast. And above all, Pulliam loved to rub shoulders with, and be taken seriously by, the political establishment.

In his finest hours, the publisher crusaded for free expression (including the expression of opinions different from his own), championed investigative journalism, and was a scourge of corruption. At their worst, his newspapers were sycophantic, xenophobic, and anti-intellectual. While Pulliam's personal politics were fickle, his newspapers faithfully nurtured some of the most pious and chauvinistic strains of what today is called the conservative movement. They fostered a political culture in which Joseph McCarthy, the John Birch Society, and later the New Right sprouted and flourished.

Yet Pulliam's engagement with American conservatism was hardly love at first sight. Like other self-made tycoons, his conservatism was visceral, not intellectual. During the 1930s, when fellow press barons like Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* and Frank Gannett of upstate New York trumpeted America First, Pulliam took the farsighted view that Hitler's rearmament drive was a menace. When World War II broke out, Pulliam regarded it as a great patriotic enterprise. "This is our war. This is our America," he told Indiana Republicans as he tried to sell them war bonds. After the war, Pulliam aggressively supported General Eisenhower in his Republican nomination battle with the man then regarded as Mr. Conservative, Robert Taft.

It was in the feverish atmosphere of cold war politics that Pulliam's drift from the political mainstream began. Enraged when Eisenhower appointed one of Pulliam's ene-

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mies to a judgeship, and suspicious of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, the publisher withdrew his support from his one-time idol. The depth of his disenchantment was demonstrated in November 1954, when Pulliam's name suddenly appeared on the "National Policy Committee" of an organization called For America—a cheesy assortment of anti-Eisenhower generals and isolationists of a stripe that Pulliam had once shunned. The group's founding principles proclaimed its opposition to "super-internationalism, world-federalism [and] interventionism," which to a very suspicious mind sound like code words for the International Jewish Conspiracy feared by many far-rightists of the time.

FURTHER EVIDENCE of Pulliam's disillusionment with the center began to surface in the columns of his newspapers. The Pulliam press believed in the goals of Joe McCarthy long after the rest of the country had become skeptical. As the Senate prepared to censure the Gentleman from Wisconsin, the *Indianapolis Star* declared: "Only the deluded will doubt that . . . every figure in and out of Congress who has done effective work in investigating and exposing Communists will become the next target."

Pulliam's perceptions about the world became clouded in eccentricity. He traveled the world and wrote idiosyncratic front-page reports for his own newspaper. After a trip to Egypt in 1958, Pulliam and his wife, Nina, wrote a front-page article in the *Indianapolis Star* praising Nasser, and concluding that Israel was "the focal point of infection in the Mideast turmoil" and was not interested in peace because "it would slow down their individual contributions from the United States now averaging approximately $220,000 a day." (At the same time, the Pulliam press professed its vehement opposition to anti-Semitism: a 1958 *Star* editorial condemned an anti-Jewish broadsheet in New Jersey for reprinting one of its editorials.)

By 1960 Pulliam's views bordered on the bizarre. In a front-page article, the *Indianapolis Star* attributed John Kennedy's capture of the Democratic presidential nomination to the machinations of a religious cabal: "Why won't Jack Kennedy be frank enough to admit publicly that it was his Catholic friends who gave him the nomination?" When a Massachusetts candy manufacturer named Robert Welch met with some friends in Indianapolis in 1958 to found a political movement based on the theory that some of America's most respected leaders were agents of a communist conspiracy, the Pulliam press was fascinated, its editorials deferential. "To our observation, the [John Birch Society] has hewed to a 'hard' anti-communist line not unlike that of other conservative organizations," declared the *Indianapolis News*. "There is everything to suggest that it is a hard-core, passionate, anti-communist organization, greatly alarmed by the Soviet threat and dedicated to concerted political action."

But by 1964, Pulliam's whimsy, or perhaps personal pique, was driving him back from the political margins. To the astonishment of Barry Goldwater, whose counsel Pulliam had cultivated, the publisher became fast friends with Lyndon Johnson, to the point where he privately helped Johnson plot his political strategy. Pulliam's Arizona papers expressed a muted, nearly inaudible enthusiasm for Goldwater. Pulliam still continued to indulge his pet hates, sometimes in unfair news coverage and sometimes in orgies of purple rhetoric. In the election of 1968, the Pulliam newspapers' coverage of Bobby Kennedy reverted to old form. The *Indianapolis Star* gave page-one coverage to the favorite-son candidacy of Indiana Governor Roger Branigan while burying stories about Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy. But Pulliam also won journalism awards for creating one of the country's first op-ed pages.

While Pulliam flirted with political respectability, the hard-line conservative movement that he had helped start was thriving. To run the *Herald-Press* in Huntington, Indiana, Pulliam installed his son-in-law, James Quayle, a John Birch Society member enthralled by the charisma of Robert Welch (Quayle later bought the paper). To edit one of his flagship newspapers, the *Indianapolis News*, Pulliam also hired a young Yale polemicist named M. Stanton Evans.

Evans and Donald Bruce, who worked as a commentator for Pulliam's Indianapolis radio station, later helped to found the American Conservative Union, a pillar of what would become known as the New Right. Through Evans, the Pulliam press remained a sounding board for some of the more strident personalities of the right. An exchange of letters in 1971 and 1972 between Evans and Clarence Manion, a prominent John Bircher and host of a right-wing radio talk show, reveals that Evans used his editorial pages to promote Manion's idea that Congress should strip the courts of their authority to order school busing.

Manion's ideas later found their way onto the House floor in a bill introduced by a young congressman named Jack Kemp; a first-term congressman named Dan Quayle co-sponsored a bill that proposed a somewhat different scheme for curbing the courts' authority. Years later Quayle would become impassioned to the point of tears when the Senate threatened to reject Manion's son Dan for a federal judgeship.

THE EXTENT to which Dan Quayle drew on his grandfather's political and journalistic patrimony to get through school and avoid the Vietnam War is by now almost folklore. But how his grandfather's legacy also helped Quayle's advancement in the political firmament is less well known. Elements of the New Right movement that the Pulliam empire helped to germinate played a prominent role in Quayle's earliest campaigns. Such groups as the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) and the Committee for Survival of a Free Congress provided consulting services for his first congressional run in 1976. Like his grandfather, however, Quayle could be fickle; in 1978 he resigned from the board of advisers of the Committee for Survival of a Free Congress after the organization called John Anderson, Quayle's congressional colleague, a

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"communist." But although the group's leader, Paul Weyrich, announced that it would find Quayle "difficult to support" because of his behavior, it nonetheless helped his field organization when Quayle ran for the Senate in 1980.

In his hotly contested 1980 Senate bid, Quayle was bitterly, and somewhat unfairly, denounced by then-incumbent Birch Bayh as a pawn of the "Ku Klux Klan, the John Birchers, the New Right, and unscrupulous special-interest groups." There unquestionably were New Rightists and Birchers actively working for Quayle. But Quayle in the heat of battle appeared to bite some of the hands that were feeding him. He denounced NCPAC for its negative ad campaign against Bayh. (One right-wing group whose support Quayle didn't disown was Gun Owners of America. In a pre-election interview with *Gun Week*, he talked about his love of firearms and said, "I used to hunt a lot of dove and quail.") After his victory, Quayle chose a bizarre forum to reaffirm his criticism of NCPAC—a full-scale interview with the *Spotlight*, the weekly tabloid of the anti-Semitic Liberty Lobby. Quayle later told the *Washington Post* he did not know what the Liberty Lobby "stood for."

Noteworthy during Quayle's 1980 campaign was the behavior of his family newspapers, which by then had largely outlived Eugene Pulliam's reputation for bias. Although the news coverage of Bayh and Quayle was largely balanced, the *Indianapolis Star* became so enthusiastic in its editorial support of its late owner's descendant that it had to publish a prominent retraction after Bayh complained of inaccuracies. Particularly strident was the *Huntington Herald-Press*, Quayle's father's paper, which accused the incumbent senator of "Bayhing votes" by doing backstairs deals with Jimmy Carter for pork-barrel projects.

It is only fair to note that when Quayle was nominated for the vice presidency and faced a media "feeding frenzy" over his academic and military record, Pulliam's Indianapolis papers were among the first media outlets to track down the story of his National Guard recruitment. Old habits may die hard, but sometimes they die.

Nonetheless, family connections may have helped to shield him from additional obloquy: when the press started demanding information about Quayle's law school performance, Indiana University Law School put forward as its spokesman Associate Dean Kent Frandsen, who not only served as a judge in Lebanon, Indiana, where Quayle's family owns the local paper, but also was the man who married Quayle and his wife, Marilyn. The law school has resolutely refused to release Quayle's records. Quayle has also developed his own strong political instincts. When an Indiana National Guard general named Alfred Ahner retired in 1986, Senator Quayle inserted a tribute in the congressional record praising Ahner's "conscientious service and hard work." When the controversy over Quayle's guard enlistment surfaced a few weeks ago, it was Ahner who stepped forward to recall that there were several guard vacancies available when Quayle was recommended to him.

Gene Pulliam would probably have been proud of what his grandson has made of his inheritance of publishing, political, and personal influence. And the old man's bequest to the American right will achieve its apotheosis if Dan Quayle, a child of that movement, is elected to the vice presidency next month.

How Pinochet lost the plebiscite.

THE GENERAL'S ELECTION

BY ARTURO CRUZ JR.

WITH THE deposition by plebiscite of Gen. Augusto Pinochet, the history of Chile has come full circle, returning the country to the path of stability and prosperity that once set it apart from its neighbors. Chile had begun its days as a remote province under Spanish rule, the distant frontier of a vast overseas empire. Its lands boasted of no attractions other than natural beauty: deserts in the north, snowcapped mountains in the south, and along its narrow extension, north to south, the peaks of the highest Andes on one side, and the limitless Pacific on the other. The most salient fact about the country was what it lacked—the most important thing of all to Spaniards, gold.

Colonial Chile was as a result a rather boring place. When Lima, the center of Spain's South American empire, was a glittering metropolis, Santiago was little more than a large village, lacking adornments beyond a simple plaza, dominated by the Cathedral and the magnificent Palacio de la Moneda. Yet in this very place something of a miracle occurred. After the wars of independence (1810-26), the new Spanish-American republics collapsed into internal disorder from which Chile was the very first to emerge. In 1833 the Chileans had a constitution, and in order to avoid anarchy, its leading public figures—all gentlemen-aristocrats—accepted a strong president, something akin to a constitutional monarch.

Arturo Cruz Jr. is working on a book about Nicaragua to be published next year by Doubleday.

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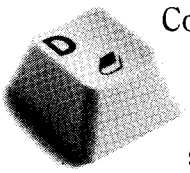

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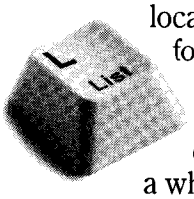

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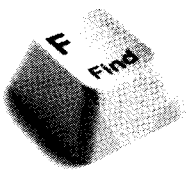

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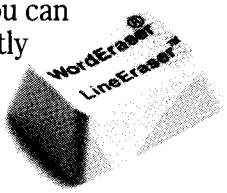

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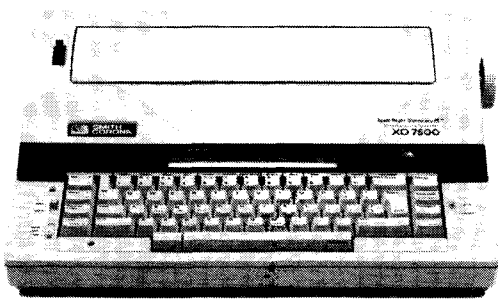

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In those days Latin Americans prized order above all other values, and Chile was regarded as a "serious country"—a real nation-state, with responsible governors, where everything was done in accordance with its national motto (which still appears on its Great Seal), "by reason or by force." Decades of order brought material progress, and the leading European historians of the day did not hesitate to place Chile in the category of a "temperate" (that is, non-tropical) republic. After some years of independent life, the contrast between Chile and Peru was striking: the terms of the colonial period were utterly reversed. Lima fell upon hard times—the victim of budgetary collapse—and in 1875 the government found it necessary to suspend payments on the foreign debt. For their part, the Chileans were so certain of their democratic future that one of their leading personalities was led to predict that "Chile has left behind it, once and for all time, states of siege, dissolutions of the Congress, press censorship, *coups de main*."

TOWARD THE END of the century, Chile began to attract European immigrants. Investors, bankers, businessmen came first; their poor compatriots followed. Both converged to produce a powerful mining oligarchy, which in turn provoked the creation of a strong trade union movement. Chileans pleased themselves to think of their nation as one more member of the European family; its principal cities even began to identify with London or Paris. The port of Valparaiso—a city of hills joined together by a network of cable cars—had a financial center with the same imposing architecture as the City of London. Santiago was beginning to acquire the look of Paris in miniature, with solid universities, elegant clubs, first-rate newspapers, beautiful museums and parks, a theater that received the best artists and touring companies of Europe, an imposing Congress building, and a National Library with reading rooms packed with avid students and scholars.

To the Latin imagination, Chile offered everything. It even could boast of its own arguments with the huge and distant republic of the north. As far as Chile was concerned, there were no important differences in power between it and the United States, and on one occasion the two countries were close to war. Chile also possessed its great personalities, individuals who attracted followers throughout the region. There was Diego Portales, the creator of the Constitution of 1833, a conservative who imposed upon the country a strong executive and an economic system inspired by notions of free trade. And there were others who evoke particular resonance in the present day—particularly Balmaceda, the president who wanted to nationalize the nitrate mines, and in so doing was forced to confront the British companies and his own social class. After Balmaceda there were no more strong presidents; the Congress, with the aid of the navy, seized and held the reins of power (1891). Balmaceda departed with a bloody flourish—committing suicide in the Argentine Legation in Santiago, where he had taken asylum on the final day of his presidential term.

The nitrate boom had enabled the Chilean elites to consolidate an orderly, prosperous society. But nitrate ceased to be important after the Germans invented a synthetic substitute during World War I; after that, the oligarchy began its slow decline, and with mass education, a new middle class stepped forward to challenge it. The Chilean middle class made the state its instrument—the great educator, the great protector of the weak, the omnipotent economic planner. With the passing of years, new names began to appear in the political chronicles, as well as new political parties. Principal among these was Christian Democracy, which fought to control the huge populist center of Chilean politics but was forced to coexist with a small universe of rivals, among which figured a tough and venerable Communist Party. The electorate became increasingly representative: in 1874 only two percent of the population could vote; in 1970 the minimum age of civic participation was lowered to 18 years, and illiterates were admitted to the franchise.

With the enlargement of the state, the middle class itself grew in size. And Chile continued to be a place of attraction for other Latin Americans, its cities preserving touches of refinement evocative of a bygone age, and its political class known for its tolerance and sophistication; its armed forces for their rigorous respect for civilian supremacy; and its universities for their devotion to learning. By the early 1960s, Christian Democracy under President Eduardo Frei (1964-70) was implementing land reform, with the aid of the Alliance for Progress.

BY THEN Santiago had become the intellectual center of a new Latin American economics and sociology, the seat of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America. Among other things, this institution popularized the notion that the road to the future in Latin America lay in manufacturing, in the internal market, in import substitution. This dovetailed with another idea, equally pervasive, that Latin American countries suffered from inequitable terms of international trade. For the Chilean middle class, the lesson was clear: there was no further place in their society for a laissez-faire economy. The job of the state was to intervene and to spend, to protect burgeoning industries, and to do so by increasing internal demand, by forcing redistribution of income, if necessary. Agrarian reform fit very nicely into this scheme: it was the rural version of resource-transfer, reinforcing the urban trend toward the creation of a larger domestic market.

State expenditures went through the ceiling. And in spite of the heavy weight of theory, Chile persisted in being a mining country, with most production destined for export. Copper substituted for nitrates, the American corporations replaced their English predecessors. At the end of the 1960s, copper still represented more than 80 percent of the country's exports. As Allende used to say, it was "the wage of Chile," of a Chile overwhelmed by new demands, without the economic assistance of the Kennedy years, and without a productive apparatus capable of sustaining the expectations of a middle-class society.

In the 1960s the younger generation of the middle class

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began to talk for the first time of radical changes. What Chile needed, they argued, was to be rescued from capitalism and dependency. The Chilean left, meanwhile, had shed its coat and tie, and the Communist Party felt pressed to abandon its former role as a "responsible party," to escape from the trap of Chilean legality. The new revolution came in olive green, adorned with Fidel's romantic rhetoric, and the cult of Che Guevara. In the city of Concepción, some 300 miles south of Santiago, a new revolutionary political force was born, the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (known by its Spanish initials, MIR). The MIR was a revolutionary alternative to the "electoral" left, a challenge that eventually compelled the radicalization of the MAPU, the Christian Democratic youth organization, by way of response.

IN SPITE OF many latent divisions, in 1970 the Chilean left managed to achieve a measure of unity, coming together to support Salvador Allende, the perennial presidential candidate of the Socialist party, in a broad front known as Popular Unity. The election was a close one; the candidate of the right, former President Jorge Alessandri, came within several thousand votes of victory. No candidate received a majority, which required the Chilean Congress to choose between the two leading contenders. With Christian Democratic support, Allende finally gained the prize. The outcome was rich in irony: though he called himself "Comrade President," Allende himself was a physician with decidedly luxurious tastes.

Allende's economists believed that the way to stimulate the economy was to declare across-the-board salary increases. For a year this worked very well indeed—millions of new pesos were pumped into the economy, and the country quickly consumed every article in its inventory. A new Popular Unity slogan was coined: "With Allende the stew-pots are full." In the midst of the party, to near-universal acclaim, the last American holdings in copper were expropriated. But while Chileans satisfied themselves in an orgy of consumption, political uncertainty began to undermine their productive forces. The young militants of the left, for whom Chilean legality never meant very much, and who placed little faith in a transition to democratic socialism, took to the streets. Their idea was to destroy the bourgeois state and create "alternative organs of people's power," confronting Allende with a fait accompli that both he and his opponents would have no choice but to respect.

But they needed a truly revolutionary act. They needed to cross their swords with the right, with reaction. For this, they needed Fidel. On the first anniversary of the new government, the gray-eyed man of radical destiny, the king of revolutionaries, arrived on a highly unconventional state visit. Allende awaited his old friend at the Pudahuel Airport, dressed in a dark business suit, accompanied by cadets from the Chilean Air Force Academy. According to the official daily *La Nación* (November 11, 1970), a million people—one-quarter of the population of the capital—went out into the streets to receive him.

Fidel stayed in Chile for 23 days. There is even a photograph of him receiving military honors with Pinochet—then commander of the Santiago military district—marching by his side. He danced with Cabinet officers, played basketball, explored fishing boats in the south, met with copper miners, and spoke, on more than 100 occasions, with students.

But by the end of his stay, the caudillo of the tropics had worn out his official welcome, so much so that Allende was unable to find time in his schedule to see him off at the airport. Not to be outdone, Fidel used his farewell speech at the National Stadium to inveigh against the "Chilean path" to socialism, and warned Allende that socialism could never be attained within the framework of bourgeois legality; other means would have to be found to achieve power; reaction had to be destroyed before one fell victim to it. (Words that, as Americans say, turned into a self-fulfilling prophecy.)

Fidel had hardly left before housewives in the affluent northern district of Santiago began an unusual political demonstration—"the march of the empty pots." It was easy for the government to dismiss the "class consciousness" of the well-to-do; but the truth was that the party was over, and inflation had returned with renewed force. The march and its subsequent manifestations—a simple beating on empty pots with wooden spoons at a jointly agreed upon hour each night—then recruited women from less exalted social classes. At the same time, the miners and truck drivers went out on strike, and Chilean society was polarized, divided vertically rather than horizontally. No doubt the CIA was involved in the matter, but not to the point of being able to manufacture what was, after all, a genuine popular protest. In fact, ever since Fidel's departure the air had been thick with talk of a military coup, and Allende warned potentially disloyal officers that they would have to walk over the bodies of a million Chileans. If necessary, he said, people would take to the streets, seize bridges, public buildings, other strong points, and turn the *poblaciones* into provisional military headquarters.

AS THE NATION moved inexorably toward the coup, nobody was quite certain what Allende thought about things. Some held that his only ambition was to surrender the presidential sash to a popularly elected successor, to maintain the country's well-deserved reputation for constitutional legality. But for others, Allende ended up being something of a schizophrenic, with divided loyalties. There was Allende of the years of opposition, who had never thought to impose socialism outside the framework of Chilean legality; but there was also Allende of the years of power, surrounded by the MIR, the MAPU, as well as close relatives, nephews and nieces, daughters, sisters, who all echoed the line of the extreme left.

The coup itself took place on September 11, 1973. The first to raise the banner of revolt was the fleet off Valparaiso, and by 6:30 a.m. all of the units of the armed forces were ready to act. At 8:30 the communiqué of the service chiefs was read on the radio; the Carabineros nor-

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mally assigned to the Presidential Guard withdrew from the Moneda Palace, and at 11:15 a.m. Hawker-Hunter jets began to bomb the building—the lowest point on the skyline of downtown Santiago—with British precision. By 11:30 a.m. the coup had been consummated. Allende was dead; like Balmaceda, he chose suicide as the way out of an impossible situation. Not a peep was heard from the *poblaciones*. They say that Allende never realized that Pinochet had actually turned against him; at one point, the story goes, the president is supposed to have sighed, "Poor Augusto, I suppose by now he's dead."

The Chilean armed forces expected the world to applaud the coup. After all, they had just saved Chile from communism, and what was more, they could argue that they did so with the support of the majority of the population. But by midmorning on September 11, the military coup had become something of an idée fixe for both East and West. Costa-Gavras could not have asked for a more ideal coup—this one had everything: the end of democracy, the death of socialism in freedom, the involvement of the CIA, the barbarism of the military caste, the romantic end of "Comrade President." And it provided the justification for future revolutionary militarism, largely because of the horrible vengeance that the Chilean army visited upon a helpless people—a preventive cure that, for being delayed so long, was all the more ghastly. In the first three years after the coup, more than 4,000 Popular Unity militants were killed; thousands more went into exile, each bearing his or her own tragic tale.

THE MILITARY set about reconstructing the political order along radically different lines. For the generals and admirals, there could be no return to the past, to the sloppy, undisciplined ways of "irresponsible democracy," to the vices of the old political class. But while Pinochet kept all political power in his hands, he placed the day-to-day operations of the country in the hands of a liberal technocracy. The general's economists opened wide the doors of the Chilean economy. The economic slogan of the future became privatization, and the country sought prosperity by augmenting its exports, by reordering its economy toward the outside world. Inflation, which had exceeded 352 percent in 1973, dropped to an annual rate of 31 percent; exports grew rapidly, and went from nearly $1.8 billion in 1973 to an annual average of $4.7 billion between 1977 and 1981. Savings and investment also increased; the state streamlined its administrative apparatus; and miracle of miracles, modern Chile discovered for the first time the virtues of fiscal discipline.

But in the boom of 1977-81 Chile also discovered the social costs of a new economic model; unemployment went from seven percent in 1973 to an average of 11 percent throughout the rest of the decade. The unions lost the right to collective bargaining, and the right to strike became more honorific than real. If it is true, then, that between 1977 and 1981 the economy grew nearly eight percent a year, so too did the foreign debt—from $4 billion in 1973 to an astounding $17.4 billion in 1982. The middle class went on an unprecedented binge of consumption, and members of the business class—large and small—gorged themselves on apparently limitless credit. Not surprisingly, in 1980 the general won his second plebiscite (the first was merely an exercise in 1978 to protest United Nations "interference in the internal affairs of Chile") with a thumping 67 percent of the vote.

A YEAR LATER came the deluge. It began with a precipitous drop in the price of copper, followed by an investment crisis, a drop in exports, and the bankruptcy of many companies that had borrowed too heavily. Real salaries traced an even sharper line of decline, and 30 percent of the labor force found itself out of work. Unemployment revived the tradition of political protest, and once again the empty pots were heard every night in every city in Chile, even in the most elegant suburbs.

With the economic crisis and the sudden return of "social mobilization," the journalists reappeared. The hotel lobbies in Santiago began to fill up with foreign faces, and for a few weeks and even months, the country was thrown into a permanent crisis, with the fall of Pinochet expected nearly hourly. In the shantytowns, communal soup kitchens were organized once again; the Church began to lift its voice in protest; and in Santiago, Valparaiso, and Concepción, the *cabros*—the kids of the left—declared war. They took to the streets, and at night built bonfires and erected barricades. The most youthful cadres of the Communist Party began to insist on the primacy of armed struggle: they emphasized the peculiar characteristics of military dictatorship, the growing mood of popular protest.

The moment of armed struggle finally arrived in 1983, in the midst of a huge blackout in Santiago, an event that signaled the spectacular debut of the Manuel Rodriguez Front. At long last the Chilean Communist Party—the oldest in Latin America, and the party most addicted to legality—acquired a military wing. From the Sandinista Front in Nicaragua the Frentistas acquired two crucial lessons—the importance of spectacular *coups de main*, capable of capturing the popular imagination; and the notion that in Latin America the most revolutionary force is not the working class, much less the peasantry, but the huge reserve army of unemployed young people who lurk around street corners in the large cities, kids who have never had a job and who—all things remaining as they are—probably never will.

With the economic crisis, the protests multiplied and became more violent. Pinochet sent the army to patrol the streets. One day in 1986 his soldiers grabbed a couple of kids, doused them in gasoline, and set them on fire. The boy died; his companion, a young woman, survived, horribly mutilated. By that time the United States had a new ambassador in Chile, and in a highly unusual gesture, at least for a diplomat, he attended the funeral of the deceased. But about that time, things began to calm down. Fear overtook the Chilean middle class; street protests tended to remind them, as much as anything else, of the days of Popular Unity. It ceased to participate, and by the

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end of the year the economy began to recover.

Not only did Pinochet survive the crisis, he took it as an opportunity to strengthen his command. Private banks were regulated directly by the state, new credits extended to an entire business class already deep in hock to foreign lenders. Businesses like *El Mercurio*—the flagship daily of Santiago—suddenly owed huge sums to the state, and were compelled every 30 days to renegotiate the conditions of their loans.

The crisis having passed, nobody now made fun of Pinochet, even though he was hardly Hollywood's idea of a military dictator. His voice was high-pitched and mouselike; his oratorical style rambling, confused, sometimes downright undignified. Nonetheless, for better or worse, he embodied Chilean institutionality, and life without him became unthinkable for many. He had made the army, his army, the successor to the Chilean political class; he had intimidated the middle class; and he had forced the business community forever into his debt. What the outside world thought of all this did not concern him. He sought to build a Chile that could not work without him. From the first day he held the reins of power, the choice he left Chileans was simple: "Me, or chaos."

EVEN IN the most difficult of moments, Pinochet never betrayed any doubts about his mission, and certainly he never wavered in his economic policies. By the end of 1986, the gross national product had grown by six percent, investment began to recuperate, and exports were growing once again. In 1987 Chilean exports by value exceeded $5 billion, with copper representing only 41 percent of the total. In a certain way Chile has returned to its agricultural origins, exporting fruit, wood, and fish, particularly salmon; in 1988 it is expected that Chilean exports will reach $6.5 billion. Chile is also one of the few countries in Latin America capable of attracting foreign investment—not just from traditional sources such as the United States and France, but from New Zealand, Austria, Japan, South Africa. Inflation never exceeds 25 percent a year—something of a miracle in that part of the world. A fiscal deficit hardly exists. Chile also services its foreign debt with rigorous regularity—the only country in the region to do so. In fact, the contrast between the Chilean economy and that of struggling neighbors such as Peru, Argentina, and Paraguay is enormous.

Nonetheless, Pinochet's economic model does not lack for eloquent and telling critics. It is not, after all, merely a model implanted by a dictator, but represents the triumph of laissez-faire economics, the most pernicious anathema of present-day Latin American economic orthodoxy. What difference, ask these critics, does macroeconomic growth make if its benefits do not trickle down to the humble sectors of society? The question is apt, and deserves an answer, but an answer that cannot be found in neighboring republics. There is Mexico, for example, whose people have passed through the cruelest of austerity plans, but whose "revolutionary" class has nothing to show for so much sacrifice except a huge foreign debt and corruption that reaches the stratosphere. And what are we to say of the Cubans, after 30 years of subsidy from the Soviets, and revolutionary discipline to boot?

IN THE final analysis, the great challenge of Latin American economies is how to generate economic growth on the basis of internal saving, while simultaneously increasing social consumption. But there is another challenge, greater still, which is to achieve these goals within the framework of democracy and order. As the Chilean historian Gonzalo Vial has written, Chile must find its way toward harmonious development; the irony is that today the country, with all its economic solidity, is politically underdeveloped. Who could have imagined that the Chile of yesterday—the Chile of Portales, of the "temperate republic"—would become a personalist dictatorship, in thrall to caudillos who would feel perfectly at home in the tropical climes of the Caribbean?

From time to time, however, even caudillos must turn to the people for some form of consent. For this, they turn to the plebiscite, the preferred tool of tyrants and gray-eyed men of destiny. A Pinochet, after all, could not submit to the indignity of the ballot box, the indignity of standing among mere politicians. The caudillo walks alone, shares power with nobody. To Pinochet, it was of no consequence that the hopelessly fragmented opposition, divided on everything except rejection of his rule, could use the "No" as their battle cry for unity.

Pinochet played on the fears and anxieties of a Chile without his presence. Whenever the government allowed a Communist Party leader to return from exile, spouting revolutionary fervor, Pinochet himself was the first to celebrate, waving the bloody shirt of the past. By his reckoning, the great elector, that enormous "center" of Chilean politics, would remember the chaos that ruled during the years of Popular Unity.

But the general got the numbers wrong. He had understood, perfectly, the big picture but overlooked the fact that a "No" vote might simply mean that the time was ripe for *him* to leave the Palacio de la Moneda.

The great irony is that Pinochet had himself designed the formula for a perfect transition, a formula that had eluded the Chileans themselves for 15 years: the general's removal from power within a stable context, change without chaos. The Chilean middle class could vote "No" confident that it did not mean a return to chaos—after all, the armed forces themselves, "*el gran árbitro*," would be the underwriter of an orderly transition to democracy.

On October 5 nearly 95 percent of the seven-and-a-half million Chileans registered to vote did so in an orderly fashion. Over 53 percent voted "No." Many observers were dismayed that after the wear and tear of 15 years in the saddle, Pinochet could still garner over 44 percent of the vote. But even more amazing was that the caudillo, the man who had seized power in what proved to be the bloodiest of coups, now seemed disposed to let the reins be plucked from his iron fists, bowing to the superior force of Chile's history of democracy and public order. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Leaning on Lives

Biographies are a constant in films, so it's just coincidence, not a trend, that a bunch of them have been released together in the past several weeks. *Tucker*, Coppola's underpowered study of the auto inventor, chugged past recently; here are three more, leaning on lives to give them substance.

Clint Eastwood has long loved the music of Charlie "Bird" Parker, and because of that love he has made a film of Parker's life, called *Bird*. The equation is odd: he loves the music, therefore he films the life. Of course a similar equation has produced numberless films, about singers and composers and painters and writers and more, but in many of those cases, the lives themselves were dramatic—or at least substantively interesting. Parker's life was sad, but it was a self-induced, monochrome sadness. He had, within the bounds of the undervalued jazz world of his day, success; he had a devoted, if acerbic, wife. He harried himself into an early grave with drink and drugs. So this is the story of a gifted man, a jazz saxophonist who affected more than jazz, who was simply incapable of not destroying himself. We watch 163 minutes—distended minutes, too—of case history, as Bird goes from boyhood in Kansas City to death in Boston in 1955 at the age of 34. Scott Fitzgerald's familiar line is used as epigraph: "There are no second acts in American lives." Bird's life (as distinct from his music) barely had a first act.

Bird
(Warner Bros.)

Gorillas in the Mist
(Warner Bros. and Universal)

Patty Hearst
(Atlantic)

What the film does have, however, is texture. The cinematographer, Jack N. Green, has kept the film tenebrous and menacing, sometimes barely visible. Bird lives his life in the shadows, and this is all the more telling because he is not—as shown here, anyway—a morose man. He's rather genial, accepting of his fate. Obviously the most important part of the film's texture is the music track. It was devised by Lennie Niehaus to enhance a large number of Charlie Parker recordings, along with other pieces. To a jazz tyro's ears, it sounds very good indeed.

The two leading actors ring true. Forest Whitaker, as Bird, is a large, pleasant person who seems to float on whatever happens to him, yet as he suggests, there is that within his bulk which passeth show. Diane Venora, as his white wife, is hard-bitten by circumstances but also by her love for this wayward man. The screenplay by Joel Oliansky mixes the pedestrian and the strainedly lyric. The dialogue and scene construction are banal, and Oliansky tries to vary matters with flashbacks, which don't help much. He's so hard-up for drama that he converts the federal narcotics agent trailing Bird into a sort of Gestapo figure, as if Bird weren't breaking drug laws, and the agent had no right to watch him.

Eastwood has been highly praised for his direction because, though he has directed before, people seem to be surprised that he knows a lot about films. In fact he's an old hand who has worked with many old hands. (I once saw him in an episode of an Italian anthology film directed by Vittoria De Sica in which he played a husband whose wife is bored with him!) Eastwood remembers a number of good things that can be done with a camera, but some of his use of actors is stilted. And he remembers a bit too much, like the touches of 1930s symbolism. A cymbal sails slowly through space a couple of times; at the moment of Bird's death, on a stormy night, there's a rumble of thunder.

Gorillas in the Mist, a title that always sounds to me like an S. J. Perelman love song, was made from the autobiography of Dian Fossey. She was the American naturalist who, fired by the writings of Dr. Louis Leakey, went to Rwanda to study gorillas, became (one can say) a friend of theirs, and after 18 years was mysteriously murdered in her home there. In the course of her increasing infatuation with the gorillas, Fossey became angrily protective of them, trying to safeguard them from the maraudings of natives and zoo agents. She very soon appointed herself the gorillas' guardian and got in various broils with the law through her passionate arrogance.

This progress, from scientific-humane interest to near-mania, is well-enough drawn by Sigourney Weaver, as Fossey. But Weaver is handicapped by a script that clutters Fossey's impulses with movie mechanics. The opening sequence is in a large American lecture hall where Leakey is speaking. Fossey arrives late and sidles to a place in the middle of a row. This is pure hokum, to provide a bustling start; if, as she says, Leakey's writings had changed her life, why would she have been late? The dialogue is word-processor fodder; she actually utters the line, "Now just a goddam minute." Even her concern for animals is

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Hotel Terminus. Marcel Ophuls's four-and-a-half-hour documentary about the career—mostly postwar—and trial of Klaus Barbie. An aggregate of about three-and-a-half hours is horribly fascinating. (Reviewed 10/24/88).

The Last Temptation of Christ. Martin Scorsese's energetic direction and Willem Dafoe's forthright Jesus do much to hold this lumpy but serious account together. (9/12&19/88)

Midnight Run. Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin surf on the crests and hollows of this slam-bang comedy about an investigator and a criminal traveling cross-country. (8/29/88)

Red Sorghum. A Chinese attempt at a folk epic—a young couple weathering dramatic adversities and raising a child in the late 1920s. The acting and directing are remarkable, the screenplay is patched up, especially the finish. (10/17/88)

SK

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made suspect. When a zoo agent captures a baby gorilla, she is enraged, opens the agent's van, and takes out the small caged creature. But she leaves a bird and a snake in their cages. Don't they count?

The film has a peculiar undertone about sex. Fossey has reached the point where she can go out and sit amid gorillas and be treated as a companion. She is particularly fond of a big male. At one point when he approaches, she lies down on her back. He does nothing further, but what if he had? (Weaver herself, with Stanislavskian subscription, writing of her experience on location in the October *Life*, says of a particular male: "If a female from the Suza Group doesn't transfer to him one of these days, I'll be surprised. *I* certainly would.") Fossey's sexual views are further bent. She permits herself a steamy affair with a married man, a photographer who is around for a while, but she strenuously objects to an affair between two young people who come to study with her. Only she, among humans, is permitted sex in gorilla country?

Weaver's success in becoming friends with the gorillas is the only really interesting element in the film, but even this intimacy sparks suspicions. Was all of it genuine? All those close-ups of gorilla hands in hers? No special effects? The program credits five mime artists and their choreographer. What did they mime? Gorillas, perhaps?

Patty Hearst, the story of same, is a disaster, written by Nicholas Kazan and directed by Paul Schrader, whose previous disaster was *Mishima*. Schrader was so intent on not doing a straightforward narrative film, on giving the picture a personal stylistic imprint, that he completely vitiated the enterprise. The conventional view, Hearst's subjective view, other heavily shadowed quasi-expressionist views, an interplay of symbolic references: all these are mixed to make us conscious of effort, nothing more.

Apart from the absolute terror of the experience for Hearst—in the early days of the kidnapping, at least—the astonishing point about the facts of this case for me is their resemblance to previous fiction. A kidnapped woman responds sexually to her kidnapper(s). The earliest example I know is *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* by James Hadley Chase. But Schrader fumbles even this psychosexual element because of his cinematic ostentation. All that really

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come through are the theatrics of the Symbionese Liberation Army and the desperation of radicals trying to believe that a popular response to their cause really exists.

As Hearst, Natasha Richardson (Vanessa Redgrave's daughter) does well with the American accent but is ineffectual. Perhaps Hearst really was/is a ninny; if so, Richardson hasn't succeeded in *portraying* her as one, she is simply the *Ding an sich*.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Voice of the '80s

This decade was preparing to close without an identifying mark other than a mindless smirk plastered across a simpering yuppie face. Suddenly, there are signs of social definition. You won't often find these in American movies, where, reflecting the illusory optimism of Reaganism, the typical motif is wish fulfillment through supernatural agencies—altering family destiny (*Back to the Future*), extricating old people from unpleasant situations with extraterrestrial help (*Cocoon 1* and *2*, *Batteries Not Included*), accelerating the age of children (*Big*), exchanging the identities of adults and kids (*18 Again* plus a half-dozen movies whose names I've blocked). But if Hollywood continues to be in thrall to fantasy, the American stage is once again assuming a traditional obligation to measure and challenge the form and pressure of the time.

Reckless
by Craig Lucas
(Circle Repertory Company)
Without You I'm Nothing
by Sandra Bernhard
(Orpheum Theatre)

In recent months, Howard Korder's *Boy's Life* anatomized the weightless malaise of affectless young studs; David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow* tested the limits of friendship as the last refuge of decent conduct; and now Craig Lucas's *Reckless* is analyzing the disintegrating boundaries of human relationships. *Reckless* is the most radical of the three. In the fractured perspective of Loy Arcenas's design—a Magrittish field of blue decorated with birdlike clouds—the lineaments of a dream are used to contour a terrifying spiritual reality, evoked, under Norman René's expert direction, in a hallucinatory manner by the Circle Repertory Company (a theater normally associated with a rather damp naturalism).

Reckless begins with a couple in bed watching TV ("It's just the news—it's not real") while Bing Crosby sings "I'll Be Home for Christmas." Babbling contentedly under her flowered comforter, Rachel tells her husband, Tom, of her unspeakable happiness ("I'm having one of my euphoria attacks"). He responds by announcing he's taken out a contract on her life; in five minutes, he says morosely, an assassin will stage her "accidental" death. Feeling belated remorse, he helps her escape, in bathrobe and slippers, through the bay window into the falling snow. And thus begins her strange odyssey through a dimension where every day is Christmas and every town is named Springfield. Rachel, attended by six female psychiatrists (all played winningly by Joyce Reehling) who invariably think her story a dream, is plunged into a series of phantasmagoric experiences—alien encounters that parallel the conditions of a totally mad country.

Rachel takes refuge in the home of Lloyd (John Dossett) and his wife Pooty (Welker White), a paraplegic who also pretends to be deaf. In love with the needy, Lloyd works in a benevolent organization called "Hands Across the Sea." Like everyone in the play, Lloyd has a shameful history—he abandoned his first wife and stole $35,000. Rachel tells him, "The past is irrelevant—it's something we wake up from," but for him, "It's the nightmare you wake up to every day." In order to repay the theft and obliterate this Joycean nightmare, all three appear on a TV game show called "Your Mother or Your Wife"—Pooty pretending to be Lloyd's mother, Rachel his wife. And to the accompaniment of earsplitting studio audience screams, he wins $100,000 by correctly guessing how the women answered such questions as "If Lloyd were a salad dressing, what flavor would he be?"

During another Christmas celebration, one year later, Pooty and Rachel's returned husband, Tom, die drinking champagne, poisoned by a disgruntled employee in Lloyd's organization. Rachel and Lloyd escape. Lloyd, still wearing his Santa costume, turns catatonic, breaking his silence to tell the gabby Rachel to "shut the fuck up." Capable only of watching TV and sipping champagne, he dies of anorexia. Rachel lands in a madhouse, also bereft of speech. Her analyst takes Rachel to a TV interview show, partly to relieve her delusion that someone is trying to shoot her. Someone is—though the bullet intended for Rachel lodges in the forehead of the guest personality. In the final scene, Rachel has also become an analyst—in snowy Alaska, where it's always Christmas. The patient she treats is her own son. He doesn't recognize her, and she doesn't reveal her identity.

Determinedly disjointed and disorienting, the play contains its own crafty logic. As played brilliantly by Robin Bartlett with Madeline Kahn shrieks and high-pitched merriment, Rachel is the embodiment of misplaced American optimism. The contrast between her Pollyanna cheerfulness and the catastrophic world she encounters is reminiscent of the jarring views of life represented in the movie *Blue Velvet*, where artificial images of serenity were also juxtaposed against scenes of brutality, sudden death, and sexual corruption. Rachel is a daytime spirit in a nighttown of the soul, her conventional notions of happy suburban life and healthy family values continuously undercut by greed, mayhem, murder, inane media displays, and a therapeutic discipline grown insensitive to the implacable darkness hidden within the folds of existence. In its illogical plotting and lobotomized atmosphere, *Reckless* is a deeply political play, possibly the most fundamental criticism we are likely to get of the American Dream as marketed by the ad agencies and the mass media, and, incidentally, of the contemptible jingoism being peddled by the Bush campaign.

Sandra Bernhard is another voice of the '80s, and I'm glad I managed to hear its caustic melodies on the final night of her show (*Without You I'm Nothing*) at the Orpheum Theatre. Performing in front

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of a bank of lights, a few tarps, and an entirely disreputable punk band, Bernhard combines stand-up comedy, showbiz impressions, personal confessions, and belted rock 'n' roll to mirror and criticize her age. Bernhard is a sometime actress (you may remember her as the demented groupie in Scorsese's *King of Comedy*). Coming on like a hip yenta in her black leotard and backlit red hair, she is a virtual encyclopedia of celebrity personalities, fashion labels, and brand names. Yet she manages to distance herself from the values of the commodity culture, partly by snarling at our hero worship and her own lapses into sentiment. Wonderfully foulmouthed, totally unbuttoned, she bases her act on a love-hate relationship with the audience. She sure knows how to work it—how to abuse it, too, calling the customers "meatheads, screwballs, motherfuckers" when they fail to give her band enough applause.

Bernhard is unashamedly Jewish, with the aggressive confidence of Lenny Bruce rather than the apologetic mildness of Woody Allen. She fantasizes about being gentile, having a brother named Chip, wearing Laura Ashley clothes, eating Christmas dinner. Although she comes on as a new woman, she has a traditional Jewish girl's obsession with finding a good husband, not a promising possibility when *Newsweek* has told her the odds "ain't too damn good" for women over 35. But at the same time she's too jaundiced to care and too dejected to look: "There will be no more lovers and very few friends!"

Bernhard's gloomy nature was apparently shaped by her parentage—"My father's a proctologist, my mother's an abstract artist, that's how I view the world." Her jaded views extend, refreshingly, to her own bad notices. She tears Clive Barnes apart for calling her a "butch Carly Simon," and she mentions how the *Village Voice* reviewer phoned and asked for a favor after panning her act (she plays this recorded conversation back to the audience). Shining a flashlight in the eyes of the audience, she evaluates the customers, even grabbing a woman's pocketbook and assessing her character through its contents. She reads magazines aloud, satirizes the ads, castigates a celebrated photographer's inclination to "accessorize" his female subjects, fantasizes about LA after a nuclear holocaust where only the strongest—Tina Turner and Madonna—have survived, and laments the failure of her own career ("You know you're in trouble when you start resenting Linda Hunt").

As this suggests, her references are exclusively pop, even though she says she regrets the disappearance of all those "liberal intellectuals who once made the city a center of art and thought." Still, she knows about the corruptions of pop culture too—the rock singers who try to hire their black backup singers as maids after the show, the gushing starlets who say they "really want to make this film," the endless stream of newly discovered Marilyn Monroe photos. She does her final number in a black ranch mink, then strips down to her underwear to perform some Jane Fonda exercises. The raw contrast is symbolic. She obviously hates the age of which she is the product, hates the goals she aspires to achieve. But what she hates most is the strong-arm hypocrisy of the powerful. "Don't let them fuck you over," she says in parting counsel, "fuck *them* over," which is Sandra Bernhard's way of rephrasing Norman Mailer's perception that the shits are killing us. Her act is vulgar, excessive, and overamplified—but her rage is pure and purgative, perhaps the best response of defenseless people to the affronts of a dismal decade. □

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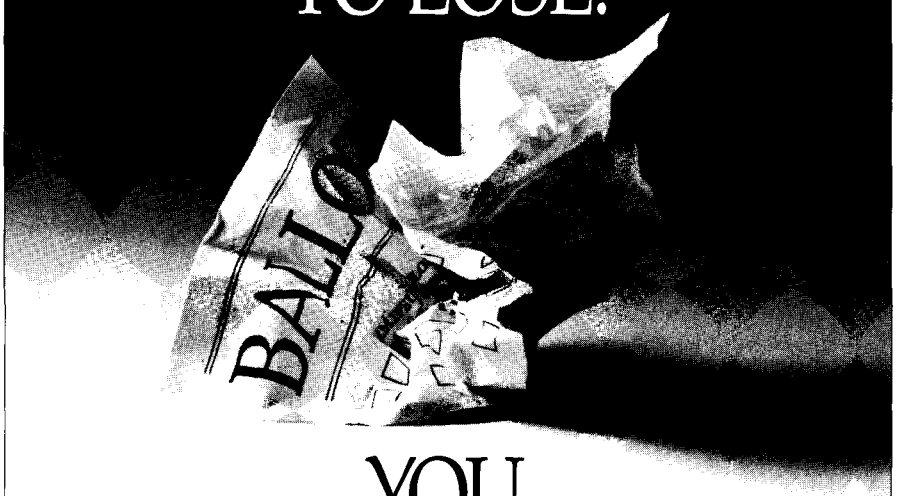

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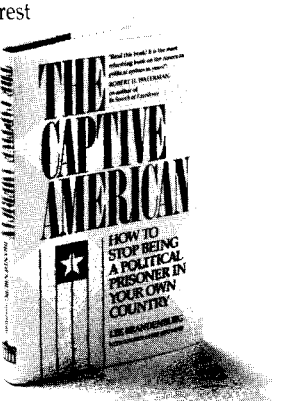

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Lives Of The Saints

The Lives of John Lennon
by Albert Goldman

(Morrow, 719 pp., $22.95)

Yesterday: The Unauthorized Biography of Paul McCartney
by Chet Flippo

(Doubleday, 400 pp., $18.95)

I.

AT THE CORE of Beatlemania, after all its other rational and subrational causes have been diagnosed and stripped away, there has always throbbed a single, irrational impulse: the urge to do some kind of harm to the mopheaded objects of desire. Those screaming, weeping, barely pubescent girls, whose agonized faces are nearly the only clear memory anyone has of the Beatles in concert, would, had they miraculously found themselves alone in a room with their favorite Fab, scarcely have known what to do with him except tear him apart.

The Beatles naturally sensed this better than anyone; it terrified them, and in the end it was one of the principal reasons they gave up touring. The violence took various forms. Most often it was simply a violation of ordinary standards of civility: the mothers who brought their crippled children backstage and demanded that the Beatles touch them, or the diplomat's wife who, at a reception at the British Embassy in Washington just after the Beatles' first appearance on the "Ed Sullivan Show," produced a pair of scissors and calmly began snipping off locks of Ringo's hair. Sometimes the violence was a natural byproduct of the frantic need to express pleasure: when American fans, having heard that George liked jelly beans, pelted the Beatles onstage with the candy, they often saved themselves time and trouble by throwing whole, unopened bags of it.

But sometimes it was pure, unthinking, life-threatening mass hysteria. There were times when the Beatles were compelled, despite the danger of electrocution, to play open-air concerts during rainstorms to keep disappointed audiences from rioting. In San Francisco, during their 1965 world tour, they were transported through the airport in an iron cage to protect them from the fans; a few seconds after the Beatles were removed from it by the police, the cage collapsed from the pressure of the surging crowd. In Manila in 1966, after their manager Brian Epstein, in an uncharacteristic misreading of local protocol, failed to produce the Beatles for an audience with Imelda Marcos, the group was deprived of police protection and jeered at, punched, and kicked by crowds as it tried to make its way to the plane. And at one concert a limousine that was supposed to be carrying the Beatles was mobbed outside the hall; when fans climbed onto the top of the car, the roof caved in. (The limousine was a decoy. The Beatles were smuggled past in the back of an ambulance.)

An entirely reasonable fear of their admirers led the Beatles to construct hermetic lives for themselves. Cultural trendsetters of the '60s, they spent most of the decade indoors, elaborately screened from accidental contact with the average fan. This meant constant contact with a different sort of fan: the managers, promoters, retainers, gophers, groupies, fellow celebrities, would-be fellow celebrities, and all-purpose sycophants who catered slavishly to every half-uttered whim and laughed admiringly at every halfhearted witticism. The Beatles rarely went anywhere unaccompanied, and they never carried any money. The story is told in every Beatles book, but it is still a good one: the first time the Beatles took an unchaperoned trip in the era of Beatlemania was in 1967. They went to Bangor, Wales, to attend a conference presided over by their new enthusiasm, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Mick and Marianne came along, and on their first night in Bangor the five kings and their consorts went to a local Chinese restaurant for dinner. When the bill was presented, it was discovered that not one of the millionaires had a penny in his pocket to pay it.

This hothouse life produced, inevitably, hothouse exoticisms and excesses. Told day and night that they could do anything and that nothing they did was wrong, the Beatles did what any normal person finding himself in their fantastically abnormal situation would have done, which was everything that struck their fancy and nothing that did not. Who was there to say no? Understandably, the Beatles' publicity machine—which, from the very beginnings of Beatlemania, was essentially the entire world press—saw the need to filter some of the tales of self-indulgence out of the news of the Beatles' lives. (It was important, of course, to inform the world of a little self-indulgence, for it would be disappointing to learn that entertainers upon whom the public had showered so much of its money were not spending at least some of it frivolously.) The filtering required stricter cloistering; the stricter cloistering inflamed the frenzy to know more; and the frenzy to know more led to a second stage in the evolution of Beatlemania: the stage of the exposé, the book that tells the "real" story.

During their entire career together as the most famous pop group in the world, from 1964 to 1970, the Beatles managed to preserve in the public eye a relatively anodyne image of themselves as, at bottom, four lovable lads from Liverpool. The increasingly "appreciated" music, the infatuation with the Maharishi and other dubious gurus, the occasional (and extremely tentative) comments on political events, even the hash and the acid: nothing significantly undermined the public notion of the Beatles as eternally innocent and beneficent household gods. But following the breakup of the group, its members drifting slowly but inexorably away from each other and from the center of cultural consciousness, less lovable images began to be purveyed.

In the beginning the salesmen were mostly people marginally on the inside who, discovering there was no longer anything to get further inside of, started singing whatever songs they had to sing—Richard DiLello, an Apple employee (*The Longest Cocktail Party*, 1972); Francie Schwartz, an American groupie who did a brief tour of duty as one of Paul's London birds (*Body Count*, 1972); Allan Williams, the Liverpool promoter who allowed Brian Epstein to take over the Beatles as their manager on the eve of their breakthrough (*The Man Who Gave the Beatles Away*, 1975). Then came the people with longer or more intimate tales to tell—Peter Brown, Epstein's assistant (*The Love You Make*, 1983); Pete Best, the

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drummer Ringo replaced, and therefore famous as the unluckiest man in the history of show business (*Beatle! The Pete Best Story*, 1983); Pete Shotton, a childhood friend of John's who ran Apple's ill-fated retail division (*John Lennon: In My Life*, 1983); John Green, Yoko Ono's tarot card reader and spiritual adviser (*Dakota Days*, 1983); May Pang, John's girlfriend during his separation from Yoko in the mid-'70s (*Loving John*, 1983).

Now, with the appearance of Chet Flippo's *Yesterday*, the "unauthorized" biography of McCartney, and Albert Goldman's *The Lives of John Lennon* (also, it goes without saying, unauthorized), we have reached the stage of the *real* "real" story. Here, it seems, are the facts reported by people with no grudge to warp their perspective and no sentiment to cloud their view, the Beatles without halos and without tears.

II.

HOW DID the Beatles manage to preserve their image from the soilings of tattletales and hard-nosed reporters as long as they did? And what is at stake, anyway, in these new books that promise to bring the image back down to earth? In the tangle of reasons why the Beatles became what every performer and every group in their generation dreamed of becoming, "bigger than Elvis," this reason seems central: the press adored them. Philip Norman, a British journalist whose *Shout! The Beatles in Their Generation* (1981) is a well-reported account unusually free of hero worship, explains the media's goodwill by the fact that the Beatles came onto the British scene at precisely the moment, late 1963, when the press was desperate for something lighthearted after its intense coverage of the Profumo scandal, and onto the American scene at precisely the moment, early 1964, when the press was desperate for something upbeat in the aftermath of the Kennedy assassination.

This analysis may account for the enthusiasm of the initial coverage, but it doesn't explain the continued enthrallment of the middlebrow press, previously condescending at best to rock 'n' roll phenomena, and the eventual conquest of the highbrow press, previously condescending to anything the middlebrow press found enthralling. Some of the credit for those sustained triumphs has to be assigned to the genius of the individual Fabs themselves.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Beatles' mastery of the press was astonishing in part because it seems to have been almost purely intuitive. When they arrived at Kennedy Airport in the early afternoon of February 7, 1964, the Beatles had not the first idea what to expect. They knew, of course, that "I Want to Hold Your Hand" had reached No. 1 in America the month before, an almost unheard of accomplishment for a British group. But they had just come off a tepidly received French tour, there was talk in England that they were about to be supplanted by the Dave Clark Five, and they couldn't imagine what the Americans would see in them. "America's got everything," George is supposed to have complained on the way over. "What do they want *us* for?"

Only a year or so earlier, the Beatles had been a local bar band. They had learned how to play together in one of the most raucous venues in Europe, the Reeperbahn in Hamburg. They performed in leather jackets and leather pants, they smoked and ate onstage, they screamed insults at the audience (which, in England as well as in Hamburg, occasionally responded by attacking the performers). They did not play for teenyboppers. In England they played for working-class kids and Teddy boys their own age; in Germany, they played for drunken sailors and off-duty prostitutes. They did not regard these experiences as dues to be paid on the road to respectability, but as the natural thing to be doing. This was the world of rock 'n' roll they knew. It was their culture.

But though they were indifferent to respectability, the Beatles were not indifferent to riches. When Epstein took them over, they submitted willingly to the standard practice of pop management in England at the time: they allowed themselves to be made over into clean-cut pretty boys in matching mohair suits. The usual consequence of this sort of transformation is an impenetrable blandness. The uncouth expressiveness of the local performer in perfect cultural sympathy with the local audience has to be permanently locked away, since it is incompatible with the image of the middle-class teen idol, and is apparently untranslatable into a middle-class idiom. The pop star appears on stage, croons his pop ballad, and then is heard no more—for he has nothing, outside of the song he has been given to sing, to say. The Beatles, all of whose origins were as working-class as any white musician's, jumped the gap. They spoke, and spoke in a language the

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middle-class audience found enchanting. Its essential mood was insouciance, but it was an insouciance the public interpreted not as class antagonism, but as the cheekiness of youth.

John's request to the audience at the 1963 Royal Variety Performance in the Prince of Wales Theatre, where Lord Snowden, Princess Margaret, and the Queen Mother were seated in the royal box—he asked those "in the cheap seats" to clap their hands, "and the rest of you, if you'll just rattle your jewelry"—has gone down in pop history as one of the great spontaneous Lennonisms. But the remark was carefully rehearsed. You can see the calculation in Lennon's delivery when you watch the tape of the show, and you can see, too, the little grin of relief he flashes, ducking away from the microphone, at Paul when the audience cheers. But at Kennedy Airport three months later, nothing had been rehearsed because nothing was expected.

THE BEATLES had not reckoned with the promotional powers of American business. Capitol Records' publicity department had saturated the East Coast with news of their arrival, and thousands of fans turned out to greet them. When they saw the size of the crowd waiting in the terminal, the Beatles assumed that the president's plane had landed at the same time as theirs. They were rushed through the frenzy and ushered into the press lounge, where they were confronted by 200 reporters irritated by the harassed conditions of the assignment and armed with the customary professional cynicism. The press conference that followed could scarcely have played more perfectly if it had been scripted.

Each question from the press was met with and topped by a Beatle one-liner. Some of the lines were standard comic bits:

Q: Was your family in show business?
John: Well, me Dad used to say me Mother was a great performer.

Some reflected the Beatles' mysterious ability to sense skepticism and, once sensing it, to flatter it:

Q: What's your secret?
George: If we knew that, we'd each form a group and manage it.

One was transcendent:

Q: What do you think of Beethoven?
Ringo: I love him. Especially his poems.

Some charms cannot be resisted. You only have to compare the transcript of any Beatles interview with an interview with even a thinking man's rock star like Bob Dylan, or a smart actor like Mick Jagger, to appreciate the Beatles' advantage in this field. Dylan is either obstreperous and sophistical or full of gassy nonsense about Rimbaud and Jung. Jagger always ends up being persuaded, too easily and often fatally, to take himself seriously. The Beatles, even when comparing their popularity favorably with Jesus', almost invariably come off as ingratiating and self-deprecating.

No doubt some of this clever adaptability, and the wit that facilitated it, should be credited to the social style of Liverpool working-class life. Ringo, for instance, by far the poorest and least-schooled Beatle, did not acquire his drollness with his mohair suit; it was simply his natural manner of deflecting insults. The question about Beethoven was a genteel insult, and it is telling that he, the Beatle least likely to know anything about Beethoven, should have had the quickest retort, and a retort to which no follow-up is possible.

BUT TO A significant degree the Beatles' public voice was Lennon's. Lennon derived his manner in part from the Goon Show, of which he was a fanatical admirer; he cultivated it by making the satirical sketches and punning fables that constitute the bulk of his production as an art student. When he formed the group that eventually became the Beatles, he gave this manner to the rest, leaving them free to improvise on it after their own fashions. One of the obvious but rarely enumerated reasons Pete Best was summarily dropped and replaced by Ringo is that he was too solemn and uninventive to play John's games. It was characteristic of John's thinking that the quality of Best's drum playing—which, if it was not superior to Ringo's, can hardly have been significantly worse—was not the issue. The issue was performance. The secret of performance was not talent: none of the Beatles was an exceptionally talented musician, and none of them believed that talent was important. The secret was style, and the trick of the Beatles' style was never to be caught being completely serious.

It seems likely that Lennon was attracted to Yoko Ono (or, depending on the view you take of it, was susceptible to her witchery) because he recognized in her conceptual art a congenial style of performance. To put it another way: he took her silly, self-promotional happenings for a high-concept edition of his own art college, Goon Show whimsy. Its pretensions could be laughed off if it became tactically necessary to do so; and, like rock 'n' roll, anybody could do it.

By the time of the bed-ins for peace, however, when John and Yoko held what were essentially week-long news conferences from their beds in various hotel rooms, the mainstream press had become distinctly less receptive to John's act than it had been in Beatle days. Just as she had been too much for Paul to take, Yoko proved too much for the *New York Times* as well. The alternative press, though, had always regarded Lennon as a hero, and was eager to continue that tradition. It didn't mind that Yoko now seemed permanently attached to John's elbow.

Lennon had his critics, political and musical, in the alternative press, but he liked the attention, and except for the four years after the birth of his second son in 1975, when he withdrew from public life, he cultivated the relationship. His picture was on the cover of the first issue of *Rolling Stone* in 1967, and the famous two-part interview he gave Jann Wenner in 1970, the very first of the Beatles exposés, was a gift from the gods. Lennon wrote for a San Francisco paper called *SunDance*; he wrote letters to the editor of *Melody Maker* and the *Village Voice*; he sent money to the ailing *International Timesg* (*IT*); he guest DJ'ed on WNEW-FM in New York; he gave interviews to everybody. The press responded by honoring the Ballad of John and Yoko, the image of the Lennons as the type of the countercultural marriage: equal partners, equally gifted, persecuted for their commitment to love and world peace by what the Beatles used to call "men in suits"—such as the agents of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service.

III.

ON THE FACE of it, then, the prospect of fresh tellings of the Beatles' stories, John's in particular, by people prepared, but not a priori disposed, to be unsympathetic can only be welcome. One doesn't care especially whether these books yield Beatles that match one's favorite images. One only asks that this time it not be gossip.

Chet Flippo's book on Paul is mainly a reminder that the only Beatle most people can sustain more than a casual interest in is John. And it's clear that "most

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people" includes Flippo himself. The story from Liverpool to Apple has been told so many times that he doesn't bother much in telling it again; he simply juggles with the wording of the familiar anecdotes so that wherever possible the protagonist is Paul. More effort is expended on the post-Beatles era, and particularly on Wings, the continually changing assortment of journeyman musicians and session players Paul put together to back him in his solo career. The Wings product, for critics of Flippo's tastes, is the essential McCartney: musically eager to please, lyrically vapid, commercially a staggering success. According to *Yesterday*, Paul made more money in his first two years with Wings than he had in ten years as a Beatle—though as Flippo points out, this is less impressive than it seems, since until they broke up the Beatles were the victims of some of the most lopsided contracts in the history of the business.

Flippo offers another statistic, however, that does give pause: Wings, he says, has sold more records than the Beatles. Since the McCartneys are the writers and sole owners of the Wings songs, and since the profits from the Wings records and performances go directly into Paul's pockets—the rest of the band was usually paid scale—the band's success has, according to Flippo, helped make McCartney one of the richest men in the world.

The cute Beatle has put most of the money into his music publishing business, a circumstance that has not endeared him to those members of the rock critical establishment who like to think that there is some meaningful distinction between the music side and the business side of the rock music business. Flippo notes, for instance, that although Paul has objected to the sale of "Revolution" to Nike for use in a shoe ad, Paul himself sold Buddy Holly's "Oh Boy!" which he owns, to Buick, from whence it reemerged as "Oh Buick!" (The songs Paul wrote with John are now, of course, the property of Michael Jackson.)

Yesterday was written not only without the cooperation of Paul and Linda, but apparently without the help of either of the other two surviving Beatles. Substantial chunks of the story (Flippo is perfectly frank about this) have clearly been worked up from the clip file. This doesn't matter much because it turns out that Flippo is not interested in offering a seriously revisionist reading of Paul, whose mythical stature these days is no longer especially inflated anyhow. He's mainly interested in getting most of the available information together in one place.

GOLDMAN, on the other hand, *is* interested in revising our view of John, so the matter of sources in his case is a little more to the point. Goldman has had to answer two charges against *The Lives of John Lennon*. The first is, Everybody already knew this stuff; the second is, It's not true. Among the claims in dispute are these: that Lennon was a drug addict, an alcoholic, a depressive, the victim of a mother fixation, the victim of a father fixation, anorexic, uncoordinated, lazy, violent, abusive, bisexual, possibly a murderer, and a bad guitarist. Aside from the last three items, there is plenty of public testimony corroborating the particulars of this description. What is offensive to Lennon's admirers about Goldman's account is that he ignores or downplays the rest of the public testimony, which is that Lennon was a well-intentioned public figure, a despiser of cant, an astute analyst of his own contradictions and the culture's, fundamentally humane, sensible about his foolishness, witty, articulate, and truthful.

Goldman was once a professor in the Columbia English department, and he is not shy about touting himself as a trained researcher. Given the promise held out by this credential, the number of trivial factual errors in *The Lives of John Lennon* is not encouraging. Some of them have been noted in a story on the book in the *Times*: Goldman says that "Love Me Do" was first released as a 78-rpm disk, but it was a 45; he says McCartney wrote "Hello Little Girl," but it was a Lennon song; he says that "Any Time at All" was the best song in *A Hard Day's Night*, but it is not in the movie.

Here are a few more. Goldman says that John's Aunt Mimi, the woman who raised him, had a sister called Mary Elizabeth, but Mary Elizabeth was Mimi's own name. He says that "in every account of Lennon ever published, the impression is created that the guitar was the first instrument he owned or learned to play," and proceeds to tell us of an accordion and of a harmonica given John by one of Mimi's lodgers; but the story of the harmonica that predated John's first guitar can be found in Hunter Davies's *The Beatles* (1968), which happens to be the Beatles' authorized biography. He says that Dave Dellinger, the antiwar organizer, became an adherent of

A MEETING OF THE
REAGAN ADMINISTRATION'S FAN CLUB
ON BENDED KNEE
The Press and the Reagan Presidency
MARK HERTSGAARD
"ON BENDED KNEE concludes that the news media allowed the White House, particularly during President Reagan's first term, to define what was news."
—Andrew L. Yarrow, New York Times
"I can't point my finger at [the Reagan White House]. If there's a failure, it's ultimately the press's failure."
—Tom Brokaw, Anchor and Managing Editor, NBC Nightly News
FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX

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the Maharaj Ji, but it was Rennie Davis, not Dellinger, who defected to the boy guru. He says that George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass* was a four-record album, but it contained only three records (still, for most tastes, about two records too many).

The little things don't matter, of course, if the big things can be trusted. But the big things can't. The giveaway in exposé accounts of Goldman's sort is the tendency of every tale of depravity to conform to a certain shape: a superstar, in the company of various hangers-on, is engaged in some sort of indulgence—doing drugs, making indiscriminate passes, welshing on deals, wasting money. While this is happening, there is always one person in the room who, though apparently participating fully in whatever is going on, is secretly appalled by the behavior of the star. This person is the source.

THE SOURCE may deliver drugs to the star (Kit Carter, whom Goldman introduces as Yoko's heroin supplier), he may shoot up with the star (the guitarist Jesse Ed Davis, who hung out with Lennon during his separation from Yoko), he may be bilking the star (John Green and Sam Green, who contrived a fortune teller-art dealer act to swindle Yoko), he may be the eventual loser in a lawsuit against the star (Morris Levy, who took Lennon to court over his *Rock and Roll* album and lost). For Goldman, it makes no difference to his credibility. We are asked, in the opening pages of *The Lives of John Lennon*, to contemplate in some detail the gruesomeness of Yoko Ono's heroin habit. That we should also find ourselves being asked to pity the sensibilities of the poor supplier who was so inconsiderately exposed to the sound of his client retching in the bathroom should give us a clue about the reliability of the description.

If Goldman got the clue, he ignored it. "Interview a score of people who interacted strongly with Lennon," he confides near the end of the book, "and you will get a score of Lennons, each one a man highly congenial to your source. Clearly, John took his identity from the company he kept." Clearly. No chance, of course, that the source might have an eye out for the way he will come off later in the pages of Goldman's book.

Goldman reaches the top of his form when he has no sources to afflict him with this troublesome business of multiple Lennons. Sometimes the account of the unsourced betrays a charming hint of highbrow rectitude. Of a trip to Japan, for instance, Goldman notes that Lennon "does not appear to have attended the Kabuki theater or spent time in the museums or taken any interest in Japan's remarkable crafts." At other times it suggests the opposite, a prurience that cannot resist battening even on a mere figment. Of a visit Lennon made, unaccompanied, to Bangkok, about which Goldman confesses he has been unable to find any information whatsoever, he writes:

> Stepping into the first [massage] parlor that caught his fancy, he would have found a room stacked on one side with bleachers on which were lined up the girls, each one holding in her hands a placard with a big number. When he had picked the best numbers, the girls would check out the job with the mama-san and then lead him to a private room. Here they would disrobe, revealing themselves as tiny, underdeveloped creatures with small breasts and virtually no pubic hair. . . . John might also have indulged himself with a Thai boy, who enjoys precisely the same reputation among sophisticated homosexuals as do the girls with straight men. Naturally there would be no problem about procuring his favorite marijuana, Thai stick, or in buying high quality heroin at astonishingly low prices. . . .

This is precisely the conjunction of two overlapping but otherwise unrelated sets of facts that tabloid headlines are created from. Before *The Lives of John Lennon*, we had mostly a lot of hype and some scattered bits of gossip. Now, at least, we have more gossip.

STILL, this is a fan's book. The modern celebrity has two publics—or rather, his public has two faces. One consumes an idealized image, the other a titillating image. One watches "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous," the other reads the *Star*. It is common to draw a "brow" distinction between the two tastes, but the truth is that most people interested in the celebrated—which is to say, most people—cultivate both. They find the scandalous as satisfying as the fabulous, and the fabulous no more believable than the scandalous. The interchangeability doesn't matter, for both views meet the same need.

Everyone who leads an ordinary life knows that another life is possible. That other life is like an unknown planet: we wouldn't want to go there, but we are interested in knowing what living there would be like. Belief in the other life offers two kinds of solace. It pleases us to think that, freed from responsibility and care, living would feel differently than it does; and we are certain that, in the end, being ground down slowly by ordinary life is the wiser choice, since we suspect that the atmosphere anywhere else would kill us very quickly. The celebrity is the explorer who tests the other life and sends back information about what it is like. It doesn't matter whether we are told that the existence pursued by Paul or John or Marilyn or Elvis was a frictionless one or a wretched one. It only matters that it not sound too much like our own.

The advertised effect of books like *Yesterday* and *The Lives of John Lennon* is demystification. They propose to do us the service of shrinking the myths down to human size—or perhaps, by way of compensation for all the years of hype, a size or two smaller. We ignore the promise because we know it is false. For like studies that explain the behavior of saints as the symptoms of anorexia nervosa or some other neurotic compulsion, these books simply deepen the mystery. The more wretched and crippled, the more untalented and limited the locus of all that cultural power, the more inexplicable the magic. Joyce Carol Oates recently drew a distinction between hagiography and what she called "pathography," the kind of lurid biography that is obsessed with the warts and personal failings of its subject. She was wrong. Pathography *is* hagiography. These books only scratch where it itches. They still can't explain why it itches, and the itching doesn't stop.

IV.

IF THERE IS a lesson to be drawn from the history of the Beatles' celebrity and its press, it might be that informed judgments about the "real" lives of people like Lennon and McCartney are impossible. It is not simply that every piece of information that is made available comes with a price tag—for people who have had the chance to bump up against a Beatle naturally hope to have a little of the fame or a little of the fortune rub off on them. It's also that the lives themselves are so permeated by the fact of their being always observed that separating the one from the other becomes an ontological impossibility. Celebrities like the Beatles don't live in fishbowls; they are fishbowls.

This is especially true of John Lennon, who loved nothing better than to observe himself being John Lennon and to talk about what he saw. That he was apparently candid about so many things—his

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drug addictions, his extreme moods, his feelings about his parents, his fans, his fellow Beatles—makes the new items Goldman offers up (a long-term homosexual affair with Brian Epstein, for instance) seem even less plausible than they otherwise might. (That tale, too, suffers from vague and unreliable sourcing.) On the other hand, the general picture is not inconsistent with what one feels was part of Lennon's essential nature. Hemmed in by circumstance as a youth—abandoned by both parents, a failure in school—Lennon raged against convention. Fantastically liberated from circumstance as a young man, he continued to rage—except that, the usual external objects having been removed, the only significant thing remaining for him to damage was himself.

THIS IS the less important half of Lennon's story, though. For in his public persona, he always seemed full of strong feeling tempered by good humor, which is a definition of the best kind of wit. He could not be baited, and he was brave enough to put himself in situations, like the bed-ins, where people would be tempted to bait him. The same mixture of urgency and mockery characterizes his music and his singing, which is why he can sound his best singing a number like "Twist and Shout," a song that is both passionate and inane. (It was "Twist and Shout" that he sang to the Queen Mother right after inviting her to rattle her jewelry.) Lennon's sound dominates the Beatles' records—even those records, such as *Let It Be* and *Abbey Road*, that are supposed to have owed nearly everything in their conception and execution to McCartney.

That sound was important to the Beatles' generation because, among other reasons, it was distinctly not the sound of responsible adulthood. The youth culture of the postwar generation begins in 1951 with *The Catcher in the Rye*—a book whose hero is an almost pathological hater of adulthood. This culture took up, with undiscriminating enthusiasm, exempla of hostility to growing up and settling down from the '50s (the Beat poets, James Dean, *The Wild One*) as well as the '60s (Ken Kesey, *The Graduate*, *Easy Rider*). Its music, though, was not '50s rock 'n' roll, which is a music about courting for working-class teenagers, but '60s rock, which is a music about dropping out for middle-class students. The ordinary adolescent resistance to the confinements of grown-up life—jobs, marriage, assuming one's place in the food chain—became generalized into the culture at large in the '60s in part because the mainstream society, confronted by a sudden swelling of the number of people ready to enter adult life, could support some middle-class dropouts temporarily on the outside more easily than it could absorb everybody into the inside. (This seems one of those rare instances when the baby boom, which is supposed to explain everything about postwar American life, actually does explain something.)

The Beatles, childlike, acted out the positive side of this phenomenon of not growing up—just as the "satanic" Stones, I suppose, acted out the negative side. Most people who went through the '60s with that popular culture buzzing in their heads eventually grew past it, though for many the culture stopped being consumed long before the buzz went away completely. But it still seems important for adults well past 30 to remind themselves occasionally of the thrill they once felt when, in the exuberance of being "youth," they scorned the trappings of adulthood.

Just a taste will suffice. And almost any taste of Lennon has what is wanted—his voice in a song or his face in a photograph, his appearance seeming to change completely every month with the mood of the times, but always striking, and so bracingly indifferent to convention. Lennon is the kind of rock star you experience best in private, alone in your room while you get dressed to go out to be sucked into the soul-shrinking routines of maturity. His style, like any good style, is infectious without being oppressive: it makes you want to let your own light shine a little, too. There is nothing complicated about what he expressed. It's just a kind of tonic, sometimes still a necessary one.

Lennon's death in New York in December 1980 closed the period of youth culture, which suddenly felt as though it had been waiting to be closed for ten years. He was killed by Mark Chapman (b. 1955), a fan who was upset by an article in *Esquire* that accused Lennon of selling out. Bruce Springsteen, in concert in Philadelphia that night, played "Twist and Shout" as a tribute. When the police arrived at the Dakota to arrest Chapman, they found him waiting quietly for them, holding in his hand a copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*.

LOUIS MENAND

THE COST

That wasn't our baby
in the trashcan in the city zoo
someone else picked it out someone
else wrapped it in paper and dropped it in

Why do you sleep
with your back to me

Besides it's another city we don't
live there anymore

Because it's cold

Besides I collect
phrases these days not babies
spartan clasp jute finish crotch island

Last winter was colder
we lived by the Swedenborgian
Institute
where you had your accident

Or that list of words from the summer in
Florence
the essential list warm clues
like *sausage torture bilge* I knew
I'd need the rest of my life
but I lost it

The ice at the corner scared me

My hands soiled with news

That wasn't our baby

Virginity elocution electrocution
light sliding off the ailanthus spikes

It was another city

It was still breathing

The cost of empire is great and
disturbing
the secret knowledge of philosophy

We weren't the ones

ROSANNA WARREN

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ROUGH TRADE

Protectionism
by Jagdish Bhagwati

(MIT Press, 147 pp., $16.95)

In January 1981, when Ronald Reagan came to town, pledging to get the government off our backs and out of the economy, 20 percent of America's manufactured goods (by value) were protected from international competition. Instead of outright tariffs, protection took the euphemistic forms of "voluntary" restraint agreements (they voluntarily hold back some of their exports after we warn that we'll block even more of them if they don't), orderly marketing agreements (they agree to export only a little more this year than last), anti-dumping levies (we tax them for selling their exports below what we consider to be a fair price), and countervailing duties (we tax them in order to counteract subsidies from their governments).

Now, eight years later, 35 percent of American manufactured goods are so protected. The Reagan administration has negotiated voluntary restraint agreements for automobiles, steel, machine tools, and semiconductors. Orderly marketing agreements now cover a wide range of agricultural commodities. The number of anti-dumping actions ballooned from 22 in 1980 to 61 in 1982; the number of countervailing duty actions, from 8 to 123.

On the other hand, it looks like free trade is breaking out all over. The United States has just negotiated a free trade agreement with Canada, Europe seems on its way to concluding a free trade compact of its own, and even the Japanese are talking openly about a free trade zone comprising the major traders of the Pacific Rim.

What's going on? Whither protectionism? Jagdish Bhagwati, a professor of economics and political science at Columbia, offers some provocative answers in a charming little book, titled simply *Protectionism*, based on a series of lectures he gave at the Stockholm School of Economics in late 1987. Essentially, Bhagwati discusses in broad outline two simultaneous but opposite trends in the making. The first is toward managed trade—a system in which particular nations agree with other particular nations to sell no more, or buy no less, than a given amount of goods from one another. The second is the globalization of production, through which corporations make, buy, and sell their wares all over the planet, regardless of where they happen to have their headquarters. The first trend is leading to more (and more subtle) forms of protection. The second trend is slowing (and may eventually reverse) the first.

Neither trend can be understood solely in economic terms. Each is also a function of politics and ideology. America emerged from World War II with the world's strongest economy and most powerful military. It was pre-eminent by default. Free trade was seen as a means of shoring up Western Europe and Japan, creating markets for American goods, countering the spread of communism, avoiding economic downturns, asserting American power, doing well by doing good. The rules of the game were to be reciprocal, symmetrical. No side deals; no discrimination among trading partners; disputes to be handled speedily by an international agency. America created a level playing field, in short, on which its team could easily prevail.

By the 1970s, however, others had caught up. America's free trade calculus was now more complicated. Workers, industries, and communities threatened by foreign imports began to complain of unfair trade practices, and sought relief. They alleged that foreigners, aided by their governments, were selling their goods here below cost. They filed anti-dumping complaints, requiring foreign traders to hire expensive Washington lawyers and endure all the uncertainties and risks of protracted litigation. The foreigners came to prefer the certainties and simplicities of "voluntary" restrictions on their exports.

Protectionist tactics have grown more subtle, here and elsewhere. Formal tariff levels have declined, but all nations control imports by setting standards for domestic products that foreigners have difficulty meeting. (Last month, for example, the Federal Communications Commission, in a sudden burst of nationalism, issued a standard for high-definition television that just happened to be inconsistent with that used by the Japanese producers of this new technology, thus placing them at a temporary disadvantage.) And governments everywhere, including our own, quietly subsidize their favored industries. Even under the Reagan administration, the federal government has supported one-third of all research and development undertaken by American corporations.

The playing field of international trade no longer even appears level. The exceptions are now the rule, and the old postwar rules are now the exception. What worries Bhagwati is how this autarky perpetuates itself. He notes a recent tendency among nations to judge the openness of other nations on the basis of results (how much other nations import) rather than by reference to rules. A failure to import enough is taken as a sure sign of unfair protection.

Governments are already embarked upon negotiating "voluntary import expansions": agreements to import certain quantities of select goods. Last year American trade negotiators battling with the Japanese over semiconductor chips wanted them to make 20 percent of their chip purchases from American firms. And rather than risk losing the Japanese beef market to Australian producers, which would be a likely result of generally lower Japanese barriers, American negotiators sought a specific market share instead. The net result of this trend, warns Bhagwati, is a world economy in which politically powerful nations expand their exports to weaker nations at the expense of less powerful but more efficient rivals.

THE OPPOSITE trend may more than counteract the first. Global corporations don't much like protectionism in whatever guise. This is because their competitive strength depends on their ability to make and buy things wherever on the globe they can do so most cheaply, and then sell them wherever on the globe demand is greatest. When American manufacturers of semiconductor chips recently filed an anti-dumping complaint against Japanese producers, for example, Motorola and Texas Instruments declined to join in. Why? Because both firms produce semiconductors in Japan for resale in the United States. Protection of the American market would diminish the value of their Japanese investments. Similarly, recent attempts by Congress to punish Toshiba for selling submarine gadgetry to the Soviets ran

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ıto a storm of protest from AT&T, Gen-
ral Electric, Honeywell, IBM, Hewlett-
ackard, Rockwell International, and
erox. It's not that these American com-
anies have a special fondness for Japan,
r are less patriotic than they should be.
he reason they balked is that their
roducts run on Toshiba components.
locking Toshiba from the American
ıarket would push up their costs.

WHO'S US? Who's them? With global production, it's becoming ifficult to tell. Honda soon will be ex-orting about 50,000 cars back to Japan ıd other Pacific Rim countries from its merican factories. The company already :oduces far more cars in the United :ates than it does back home. It thus has strong stake in opening up foreign mar-ets to American-made goods. Mean-hile, American automakers are setting ɔ shop all over the place. Among other ings, they're busily buying cars from outh Korean and Japanese automakers ıd then slapping their own brand on em. (If you want an American-built r this year, you'd do better buying a onda than a Pontiac.) It won't be long fore American auto companies find at they have more to gain by rescind-g the quotas on Japanese imports than keeping them.

Bhagwati seems unsure which of these ends will prevail. He's so busy expos-g economic fallacies, wielding histori-l anecdotes, grousing about politicians, ploring ideas and ideologies, and ex-ounding upon government institutions, within a scant 130 pages of text, that doesn't have time to reach definitive nclusions. But he does have some sug-stions for what governments ought to , and what they ought to refrain from ing, to ensure that the first trend esn't get too far out of hand. Indus-es or companies that make trade com-aints frivolously, in order to harass reign competitors, should be penal-ed. Firms that have benefited from otection should be forced to repay the tra costs that the nation's consumers ve endured, at least before these com-nies' executives and workers receive nerous bonuses. Quotas and other n-tariff barriers should be turned into mporary tariffs, the proceeds of which lp pay the costs of retraining and relo-ting workers whose jobs will be jeop-dized when the tariffs are removed. ıd governments should refrain from luntary import expansions, or other rms of bilaterally managed trade.

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

Jordan

Is it or is it not Palestine?

The world was surprised recently by Jordan's King Hussein severing his and his country's involvement with the Palestinian Arabs of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and by thus exacerbating the political vacuum in the area. In "washing his hands" of the problems of this area and its inhabitants, the king made the statement "Jordan is not Palestine"!

What are the facts?

■ In order to understand King Hussein's statement, a review of Jordan's history is in order. It is a short one. Before World War I, the area now known as the "Middle East" was part of the Ottoman (Turkish) Empire. The French and British defeated the Turks, drove them out of the area, and split it between themselves. The French took what is now Syria and Lebanon as their "sphere of influence"; the British took Iraq, Palestine, Egypt and the Arabian peninsula.

■ In 1917, Britain had issued the Balfour Declaration, a statement expressing Britain's promise for "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." In 1922, the League of Nations granted Britain the mandate over Palestine, specifically including the requirements of the Balfour Declaration. Since Biblical times, the country now called "Palestine" always included the area now occupied by Israel (including the "West Bank"), Gaza and Jordan. The British drew a few lines on the map and granted the entire area east of the Jordan River—close to 80% of mandated Palestine —as a kingdom to Abdullah, the grandfather of King Hussein. The Jewish homeland, promised in the Balfour Declaration by the same British, was reduced to a mere one-fifth of its original size. Transjordan (as the new country was called) attained its independence from Britain in 1946.

■ In 1947, the United Nations proposed a plan under which the just over 20% remnant of Palestine was to be further divided between the Arabs living in the area and the Jews. Such was the desire of the Jews to get their homeland, and so great the need to gather what was left of European Jewry after the Holocaust, that they accepted this further partition. The Arabs flatly refused. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded it on the very day of its birth. Transjordan's army, led by British officers, was among them. The Israelis defeated all five armies. Egypt managed to hang on to Gaza, and Transjordan to the "West Bank" and the eastern sector of Jerusalem. Transjordan promptly renamed itself Jordan, proceeded to annex the area and to keep it as an integral part of its kingdom.

■ In 1967, Hussein made the fatal mistake of his kingly career. He let himself be seduced by Egypt's Nasser to join in what became known as the Six Day War. All Arab armies were devastated. Israel regained the "West Bank." Pending final disposition of the area, Israel has administered it ever since. The inhabitants retained Jordanian citizenship. Israel allowed Jordan to stay in control of the judicial systems, of the school system, and of the local administrative and religious networks.

■ The Jordanians, of course, are the real Palestinian Arabs. Over 70% of the 2.8 million population of the kingdom are Palestinian Arabs. The Arabs of Jordan are exactly the same people as the Arabs living in the "West Bank." There is no difference between them in language, ethnicity or social customs. Before the Six Day War, the concept of a *second* Palestinian state located in the "West Bank" had never occurred to anybody. Because the Palestinians, *do* have a country. It's Jordan. Over 2 million Palestinians live in Jordan, and only 800,000 in the territories administered by Israel. Do they need another country? Of course not! It makes no difference what King Hussein says. Jordan is and always has been Palestine. His saying "it ain't so" does not change that at all.

One wonders why King Hussein would abdicate his "rights" to the area west of the Jordan River, cutting its inhabitants loose and leaving the field to the Israelis and the PLO. The King is a clever man and a survivor. He has come to realize that he already has 2 million Palestinians in Jordan. They owe him little loyalty and are in almost constant rebellion. It's clear now to King Hussein that if 800,000 Arab Palestinians from the "West Bank" were to form an independent PLO state, they would seek union with their brethren in Jordan. But that union would not be under King Hussein—it would be under the PLO. And that would be the end of his dynasty. Whatever statement King Hussein wishes to make: It is clear—historically and by common sense—that *Jordan is Palestine and Palestine is Jordan.*

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These are all worthy notions. Bhagwati deserves commendations for the simple and elegant arguments he brings to bear on a subject too often submerged beneath economic jargon or political slogan. But I wish he had thought some more about the two trends, and the relationship between them. For it seems to me that the greatest challenge to an open trading system in the years ahead will come not from older industries and threatened workers who coax their governments into preserving jobs, but from emerging technologies in which governments want to train their citizens, and thus create the jobs of the future.

GONE ARE the days when a nation's comparative advantage in international trade derived from inherent endowments like climate or soil. And almost gone are the days when advantage depends on scale: how large are the nation's factories, how big is the nation's domestic market. Today's competitive advantage in new technologies depends, rather, on experience gained in working with a technology—puzzling over it, experimenting with it, understanding how and why it functions as it does, then applying it to new problems, and improving upon it. A work force experienced in these ways is on a rising escalator. Workers can engineer and produce ever tinier silicon chips. They can imagine and make ever faster computers. They can design and build ever more powerful rockets, faster airplanes, deadlier weapons, more effective drugs, more wondrous electronic gadgets to fill yuppie homes. A work force thus experienced can contribute goods and services to the world economy that consumers in other nations are willing to pay dearly for, and thus can come to have among the highest standards of living, and considerable political influence. The Japanese, and more recently the South Koreans and the Taiwanese, are intent on riding this escalator to new heights.

Americans have been less intent. Our blue-collar workers are often viewed by their employers as nettlesome, their numbers and salaries to be reduced to the greatest extent possible. We train relatively few engineers. (Most engineering doctorates from American universities are foreigners who will return home.) Many of our most fortunate and talented young people become corporate lawyers, investment bankers, and management consultants, who gain experience manipulating money and data rather than elaborating upon new technologies. And most of us job hop so frequently that whatever technical experience we gain is likely to be lost anyway.

ALL THIS is by now well understood. But even if we reformed our ways, is there room on the escalator for all comers? In this regard, global corporation presents special problems and opportunities. For it cares little about which nation's work force gains experience doing what, so long as the workers it does employ are intelligent, diligent, and reliable, and the nation in which they work is hospitable. IBM is content to give its researchers in Zurich state-of-the-art experience in making superconductive alloys; Texas Instruments, to give its designers and fabricators near Tokyo state-of-the-art experience in advanced semiconductor chips. Because there are only a limited number of such global corporations engaged in developing and applying advanced technologies, however, their decisions about where various things are done are extremely important to nations intent on riding the technological escalator. These corporate decisions determine how much experience, and of what kind, a nation's work force will gain.

It can be expected, therefore, that nations will compete to lure high value-added production to their shores. They will offer subsidies and other inducements; they will threaten to close off their market unless the global corporation complies. Competition among nations for direct investment is not an entirely new phenomenon, to be sure. Developing nations have long threatened and cajoled American multinationals, seeking factories and equipment within their borders so that their workers can be trained in manufacturing processes. And for most of the 19th century Americans debated whether Northern manufacturers should be protected from more efficient European producers, on the ground that every nation ought to develop scale and experience in manufacturing. ("There are few, if any, governments which do not regard the establishment of domestic manufactures as a chief object of public policy," fulminated Henry Clay in 1832. "When gentlemen have succeeded in their design of an immediate or gradual destruction of the American system, what is their substitute? Free trade! Free trade! The call for free trade is as unavailing as the cry of a spoiled child, in its nurse's arms, for the moon, or the stars that glitter i the firmament of heaven. It never ha existed, it never will exist.")

What *is* new is the importance that ad vanced nations are beginning to place o giving their work forces experience i rapidly changing technologies, in whic there is a finite amount of such on-the job training to go around. Thus, nation are paying ever-larger portions of thei national incomes to educate their citizen in advanced technologies; investing ever greater sums in research and developmer projects; and beginning to give generou subsidies to global corporations that lo cate advanced production on their shore

Bhagwati gives glancing recognition t the problem, suggesting that govern ments should multilaterally decide wh incentives they may give corporatior for this purpose. But he doesn't offe anything about the criteria that shoul govern these decisions. (Should dire subsidies be limited to a fixed proportio of GNP? Should they be limited to ce tain stages of technological develop ment? Should nations agree to specializ in different technologies?) And he fai to see the problem in its larger context- as a consequence both of the new unde standing that nations can contrive com petitive advantage in technology b gaining experience, and of the new ro that global corporations are playing i allocating such experience.

The new trading blocs beginning t form around Europe and North Americ and perhaps around the Far East, ma increase the stakes of this game by gi ing each collection of nations more ba gaining clout. Each bloc can aggrega large sums for research and develop ment, and for luring global corporation Moreover, if access to each bloc comes depend on the extent to which glob corporations invest in new technologi within the bloc, those blocs with th largest and most lucrative internal ma kets will be big winners, and countries yet unorganized (many of them alreac poor) will be big losers.

At this early date, one can only specu late. What seems reasonably certai however, is that the struggle over trac is entering a new phase in which natio and corporations may be on differe sides, in which the stakes for a nation standard of living and security may b quite high. Before America can devise solution, we must first understand wh we are up against.

ROBERT B. REIC

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BEYOND WORDS

Selected Letters of Stéphane Mallarmé edited and translated by Rosemary Lloyd

(University of Chicago Press, 238 pp., $27.50)

The difference between what Stéphane Mallarmé represented to the world at the time of his death, in 1898, and what he represents today, almost a century later, is an alteration, an almost miraculous change, that justifies and illuminates his celebrated line about Poe (and any poet) who is finally converted into himself by eternity: *Tel qu'en Lui-même enfin l'Eternité le change* (As into Himself Eternity at last changes him).

For the academic world in Paris in 1898, Mallarmé was a teacher of English in the *lycées*, who had asked in 1893 for an early retirement, to the relief of his superiors. He was granted it after 30 years of teaching in a way that may be summarized as mediocre. For the general public in Paris, interested in literature and art, and for the journalist critics, those known in French as *critiques du boulevard*, Mallarmé was a dreamer, a dilettante, an aesthete (to use only the polite terms) who willfully obscured his infrequent publications in order to make them incomprehensible to any normally minded, normally constituted reader.

There remained, however, a third group, far more restricted in numbers than the other two: the circle of his devoted friends, most of whom were either poets or painters. Many of them attended the Tuesday evening gatherings in Mallarmé's apartment, at 89 rue de Rome, between 1872 and 1898. A few of his painter friends, Manet, Whistler, Berthe Morisot, he called on regularly in their studios. These extraordinary individuals found Mallarmé to be a loyal, warm friend, whose speech was unsurpassed in brilliance in a capital already famed for verbal wit and the sharpness of its inhabitants. Those who were closest to him, who heard him from week to week, knew that this man was a contemplative who really meditated, who actually thought, before he spoke.

The older friends (Edouard Dujardin, novelist, André Fontainas, poet, Albert Mockel, poet) and the younger disciples (Gide, Valéry, Gauguin, Vuillard) acknowledged that the speech of Mallarmé and his comprehending devotion had helped to teach them who they were and what they were capable of accomplishing. For, after the creation of his own work, Mallarmé's greatest role was the revealer of genius. If he was not an able pedagogue in the classroom, he was surely a pedagogue in one of the highest senses of the calling: the gentle, attentive instructor of some of the most gifted writers and painters in the late 19th century.

Mallarmé was also a prolific letter writer. Rosemary Lloyd, the translator of Baudelaire's letters, has chosen 228 letters from the many hundreds owned by Mallarmé's biographer, Henri Mondor, which Mondor bequeathed at his death to the Bibliothèque Nationale. Many of the letters in this collection are addressed to the *mardistes*, to those admirers and disciples who came on Tuesdays to listen to the man who was being called the high priest of the Symbolists. A large proportion of the letters are acknowledgments to writers for their gift of a new book. Mallarmé's warmth, charm, and wit are vivid in his replies. In November 1896, we read: "I had to reply to thirteen books which had been sent to me and I've 47 to do for tomorrow or afterwards." Mallarmé's criticism, at times brief, at times lengthy, was always scrupulous in an effort to describe the aspects of the book that pleased him the most. And he addressed unknown writers and famous writers (such as Verlaine, Zola, Huysmans) with the same care.

These letters have been carefully annotated by Lloyd, and translated with accuracy and elegance. The English style of the translation is in keeping with Mallarmé's refined and exacting French. Lloyd follows a chronological order in grouping the letters under eight categories, beginning with "childhood and youth," and ending with Mallarmé elected "Prince of Poets" by the poets in January 1896. (The previous *prince des poètes* was Paul Verlaine, who had died earlier that month.)

All the important phases of Mallarmé's life and literary activity are referred to in these documents: the death of his sister Maria; his devotion to his maternal grandfather, who raised him and Maria; his early thoughts on poetics (especially in the letters to Henri Cazalis); his love for Marie Gerhard, a German governess whom he married in 1863; his early teaching in Tournon, Besançon, and Avignon, where he passed through a state of utter dejection; the birth of his daughter Geneviève in 1864, when he had begun work on a new poem, *Hérodiade* (that icy princess reserved for his winters), which was still uncompleted at his death; and on his poem for summer work, *L'Après-midi d'un faune*, which he hoped in vain to see performed at the Comédie-Française. (Mallarmé could not have prophesied that in the 20th century both poems would be set to music and performed as dances: *Hérodiade* by Martha Graham, to the music of Hindemith, and *Faune* by Nijinsky, to the music of Debussy.)

The letters written between 1864 and 1898, that is, the later ones, are a record also of public events and crises in France, as well as the joys and sorrows in Mallarmé's life: Baudelaire's death in 1867; the birth and death of Mallarmé's son Anatole (who lived only seven years) and the poet's grief; his pleasures in the forest of Fontainebleau and his river navigation on the Seine at Valvins; his love affair with Méry Laurent (Manet's friend and model); his quarrels with publishers; his attempts to help Gauguin get to Tahiti, to work there "and grow aware of his strength once more"; his often repeated homage to Poe: "Poe is so intimately linked to my mind that if ever I write anything of worth, I'll owe it to him."

It is in his letters to Cazalis that Mallarmé often gives direct commentaries on the poems he was writing at the time—on *L'Azur* and *Hérodiade*, for example—and transcribes his state of feeling, his creative anguish and his creative aim. In 1864 he speaks of his need to remain resolutely within his subject, to expel all other occupations from his mind. "The further I go, the more faithful I'll be to the strict ideas I've inherited from my great Master, Edgar Poe." Mallarmé moves away from the lyric outpourings of the typical Romantic poet and adheres instead to Poe's strict advice to look upon a poem as a construction in words, carefully put together in order to produce a certain effect. In the same letter he praises *The Raven* and continues with an analysis of his own *L'Azur*: he is haunted by the purity of the blue sky that tortures the impotent poet. "My enemy is a specter, the dead sky haunts me . . . it pierces

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me through and through . . . I am suffering an *immense agony*."

Behind this letter, and other letters written in 1864 to Cazalis, is a depression that Mallarmé suffered throughout that year. "Tedium," he writes in April to Albert Collignon, "has become in my case a mental illness and my lifeless impotence makes the lightest work painful to me." The correspondence gives the impression that the exhilaration of a poetic discovery—of the completion of a line, for example—was followed by a bout of discouragement, by a feeling of the impossibility of translating the discovery into words.

When, in October 1864, Mallarmé speaks of beginning work on his *Hérodiade*, he alludes to a new poetics. He defines it in very few words: "paint not the object, but the effect it produces." (*Peindre non la chose, mais l'effet qu'elle produit.*) This sentence, used by Mallarmé to describe the new writing of *Hérodiade*, has served, more than any other definition, to summarize the art of Symbolism. Mallarmé lived with his poem all his life. It illustrated the desperate difficulty he underwent in achieving it, in finding for it a form suitable to translate the idea. Hérodiade presided over Mallarmé's life in the dual role of princess and myth, of character and symbol. His correspondence of the latter part of 1864 is replete with reference to *Hérodiade*, and with the impossibility of achieving its perfect birth.

IN ANSWER to Verlaine's request for information about the poet's life and future projects, Mallarmé wrote a long letter of 12 pages in pencil. This particular text, written in November 1885, is now referred to as his *Autobiographie*. The facts about the poet's life are few. The central paragraph concerns the works he probably will not write: the ideal work. He speaks of his alchemist's patience. That ideal work, which he capitalizes and calls *Le Livre*, would provide, if he were able to compose it, the Orphic explanation of the earth. (*Le Livre, explication orphique de la terre.*) This religious interpretation he takes to be the sole duty of the poet. And he is consecrating his own life to one fragment of it. (This letter was the basis of Verlaine's essay on Mallarmé in his volume of criticism, *Les Poètes Maudits.*)

No one single text of Mallarmé gives a complete analysis of his poetics. For something comparable to Shelley's *Defense of Poetry*, or Poe's *Poetic Principle*, or Rimbaud's *Lettre du Voyant*, one would have to draw upon all of Mallarmé's writings. But in this letter to Verlaine, Mallarmé clarifies his doctrine, when he claims that metaphors are in reality metamorphoses and transmutations. Thus the poet, creator of metaphors, is a kind of alchemist and magician. Mallarmé's ambitions in the early years of his career, between 1865 and 1870, were such that they induced in him the beginning of a form of madness. There was a kind of mental hazard in a poetic enterprise as vast as Mallarmé's. The attempt to re-create the world, by means of the poetic word, is a quasi-divine ambition; a dream that is also a peril.

In an essay called "L'Action restreinte" (Restrained Action), which is about that mysterious thing *Le Livre*, Mallarmé says: "The writer must present himself in the text as the spiritual actor [*histrion*] of his evils, dragons which he had coddled, or of a joy." This statement is almost a psychoanalytic approach to the writer who "performs" his *complexes* (obsessions) in his work and thereby transcends them. Similarly, poetry for Mallarmé is the expression in words and rhythm of an experience that lies dormant and wordless in the poet's subconscious: it exists locked up in a book of "black magic" (*le grimoire*, a favorite word of Mallarmé), couched in a formula resembling some algebraic condensation.

In Mallarmé, the word "book" is always pronounced reverently. In one instance at least, he revindicates the celebrated proposition, so often ascribed tc him, that "everything in the world exists to end in a book." *Tout, au monde, exist pour aboutir à un livre.* The problem of being (*être*), which Mallarmé discusses ir his letter to Verlaine, tormented the poet. Poetry was the way he chose tc trick the torment. He believed that the words of a poet, their necessity, migh cover up the endless irony that . cam from the conflict between the aspira tions of man to the absolute and the ob stacles presented by his mortality. Th finiteness of man and the finiteness o the world remain as permanent mocker ies of the spirit in its upward flight.

THE COMPARATIVELY few poem he published, his avoidance c clichés and of verbal facility, his unwill ingness to hasten the writing of any lin or of any stanza, were elements of Mal larmé's scrupulosity. As with the paint ers who were his friends, and with th great painters who followed him, Mal larmé had only a few subjects in his pc ems. The infrequent sonnets of Mal larmé, like the still lifes of Braqu represent a difficult attitude toward na ture and the familiar objects of a roon The poet and the painter are isolated fro the world in the almost obsessive treat ment of a few familiar objects and fig ures and scenes; and this often-recurrin treatment of the same objects lent itse to the art of deforming the presences an the objects.

The poems of Mallarmé, and h teaching about poetry, marked a drast

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change in the history of an art. The new processes of Mallarmé are visible in such different and original poets as Apollinaire, Valéry, Claudel, Eluard. There is French poetry before him, and French poetry after him. Poetry before him, on the whole, translated sentiments and ideas without a certain kind, and without a certain consciousness, of ambiguity. Poetry after him is more difficult because it honors other powers of language. Mallarmé created an art that is anti-oratorical and anti-social. His work might be called a counter-creation: the flower he holds up in his verse is not a flower, it is *l'absente de tous bouquets*, the one absent from all bouquets.

WALLACE FOWLIE

Wallace Fowlie teaches French literature at Duke University and is the author of *Mallarmé* (University of Chicago Press).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

nesty International is one of those rare organizations for which quantity really does count for more than quality. It is essentially meaningless for two or three Ph.D.s to write a letter of protest to a repressive government. Thousands of letters may be needed before action is taken on behalf of a prisoner of conscience.

Many people share Sullivan's contemptuous attitude toward Amnesty International's recent campaign to recruit more members. To them the use of media stars and company sponsorship smacks of superficiality and ineffectiveness.

As a direct result of lending their names to the campaign, rock stars such as Sting and Bono have more than doubled Amnesty International's membership in the last two years. It would therefore stand to reason that this is a legitimate technique for the organization to use.

DOROTHY AUCHTER
Charlottesville, Virginia

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

TRB, *from page 4*

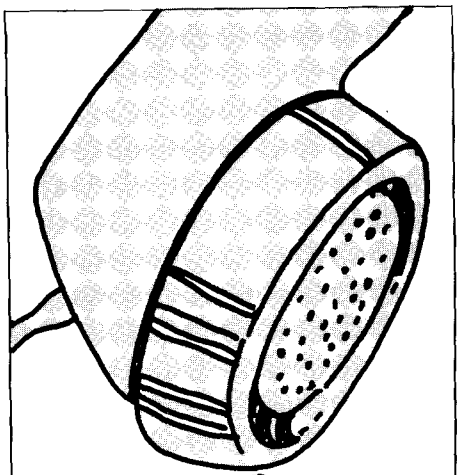
nalists who know more Cabinet members than cabinet makers go on TV to accuse one another of an "inside-the-beltway" mentality. It's boring and false and patronizing.

During the Pledge of Allegiance flap, former Education Secretary William Bennett offered the thought that people in "that Brookline-Cambridge world . . . think they're smarter than everybody else." You know what? As a generalization, that's probably true. But you know what else? Bill Bennett, for all his disagreements with them, secretly thinks Boston intellectuals are smarter than most other people too. He also thinks he's smarter than most other people. Can you doubt it?

Sure, the world of Brookline, Massachusetts, is somewhat insular and out of touch with the rest of America. So is Washington, D.C. (though less so than it's fashionable to insist). But so is Americus, Kansas, and Americus, Georgia, and every other community in this vast nation. And each community—Eastern intellectuals, Midwestern farmers, Southern good old boys—harbors the suspicion that it is morally superior to other communities and potentially resents the airs these other communities sometimes put on. What's patronizing about reverse snobbery is the idea that outside of Brookline and/or Washington all Americans are exactly alike and in tune with one another.

It's not similarity but toleration that enables Americans to share this nation with one another. Ironically, when Republicans charge liberal-Massachusetts-Harvard-ACLU Dukakisites with contempt for the rest of America, their evidence actually illustrates toleration. It's easy enough to misrepresent toleration for the odd duck who doesn't want to salute the flag or a minimum of concern for the rights of prisoners as contempt for the flag and for the majority of law-abiding citizens. But it's false. It seems to me the contempt is really on the other side.

So here's the deal: mutual disarmament. No more silver feet and squash rackets. No more Belgian endive and Harvard. Stipulate that all four candidates lack the common touch, and their advisers all have a lot more in common with one another than with the typical voter (who doesn't exist, anyway). So what? We're picking a president, not a soul mate. □



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WASHINGTON DIARIST

The Last Temptation of Santa

THE BUSINESS OF America may still be business, as Calvin Coolidge once put it, but try getting a straight answer from some companies about just exactly what their "business" is. When the Mustang Ranch outside Reno, Nevada, recently offered its first shares for sale on Wall Street, its prospectus stated that revenues came from "independent contractors" working out of the ranch's 102 rooms. That's business talk for running a bordello. For another example of half-truth in advertising, consider the ad campaign that the investment firm of Drexel Burnham Lambert has been staging for the past year. Judging from the pictures, you'd think that Drexel's employees were running around in overalls putting up playgrounds and building houses, not sitting around in $600 suits underwriting the bulk of America's hostile takeover attempts. But Drexel's going to need all the public relations help it can get to blot out the bad news generated by the insider-trading charges that the Securities and Exchange Commission filed last month. I confess that I'm one of those people who wants to see Drexel junk bond pusher Michael Milken take a dive, especially after reading *The Predators' Ball*. Author Connie Bruck, a senior reporter at *American Lawyer*, has written a tale of capitalism run amok that will disturb all but the apologists on the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*.

MILKEN COMES OFF in Bruck's book as a megalomaniac in overdrive who used his "clients" far better than they ever used him. When Milken agreed to provide financing for a takeover, he usually received a big chunk of the target company in return. That gave him effective control over his clients and huge profits. The 1986 buyout of the Beatrice Companies, for example, threw off some $86 million in financing fees to Drexel—and almost $800 million to Drexel partners (the bulk of it to Milken) who owned stock in the company. I guess that goes under the heading of "enhancing shareholder value." But you don't have to be against junk bonds and hostile takeovers to be against the unethical and often illegal business practices unearthed by Bruck. When Drexel's clients tried to take their financing business elsewhere, Milken would strong-arm them back into the fold by threatening their companies with takeover attempts. Mind you, part of me wants to see Milken suffer not out of any highfalutin sense of moral outrage over securities law violations. No, like the millions of Americans who gloated over the fall of plutocrats Adnan Khashoggi and Harry and Leona Helmsley, I want Milken to suffer because he's filthy rich. What better way to close out an eight-year era of officially sponsored greed than to go after one of its prime movers? I only hope that Donald Trump is next. As far as ritual sacrifices of the rich and powerful go, that would be "quality."

IT'S NOT EASY being bicoastal. Having spent half my life shuttling between California and the East Coast, I have a hard time sorting out my sympathies. I try to avoid the East Coast tendency to regard the other coast as a flaked out intellectual wasteland. (Unlike the TNR editor who turned to me on my first day of work and asked, "You're not really from California, are you?") But every now and then I stumble on something that triggers my latent Eastern suspicions about the West. A press release for ARTEXPO CAL'88 in Los Angeles proudly announces: "A city built on the fine art of illusion now plays host to the most imaginative contemporary artists, who combine the legacies of Hollywood and Disney with the wry, existential attitude of the eighties." Starring Mickey Mouse, Sartre, and the Void.

I RECENTLY BECAME the proud owner of my first TV set, an old Sony donated to me by friends. It's not that I've never had an appetite for what one wise man, whose name escapes me, called "chewing gum for the eyes." On the contrary. I usually turn off the TV three or four hours after saying, "I'll just see what's on. . . ." It's like a tractor beam that I'm powerless to resist. The other night I found myself sitting slack-jawed through the David Letterman show as the host smashed together two glass bowls containing chips and dip, threw a bowling ball through fluorescent light bulbs, and lowered several bunches of bananas into the whirling blades of an upside-down lawn mower—all to wild audience applause. Now that's entertainment. This is what Soviet viewers have to look forward to as their own TV programming grows in variety and sophistication. I'm hoping, though, that my new appliance will make me a more patriotic citizen by enabling me to share in our collective video experiences. Like most Americans, I noticed a minor lump in my throat when I watched clips of the space shuttle launch. And on the last night of the Olympics, I shared the collective outrage of most American viewers—even playwright David Mamet—at the lopsided refereeing in Olympic boxing that deprived U.S. boxer Roy Jones of the gold medal. A little jingoism can be a good thing.

STILL, I HAVE some sympathy for Korean complaints that NBC's coverage of the Games presented a distorted view of Korean society. When it comes to foreign cultures, especially those that are non-European, Americans have never been known for their awareness or insight. I remember returning to the United States after seven years in Japan only to be asked by some of my classmates to speak "Chinese." Given the U.S.'s size and, until recently, its self-sufficiency, this kind of ignorance is almost understandable. What never fails to amaze me is the distorted view of America that other countries have. If we know too little about a place like Korea or Japan, they know too much about America, all of it digested and distilled in the most improbable fashion. Like my colleague at a Japanese newspaper who assumed that, as an American, I of course owned a revolver. Or the Tokyo department store that celebrated Christmas with a merchandise display that showed Santa Claus nailed to a cross. But who's to say that, in some ways, these foreigners can't capture the flavor of our society better than we can. No, I'm not about to quote Tocqueville at you. Instead, I offer this T-shirt that I saw a Japanese youth wearing on a commuter train in Tokyo:

Palm Spring
Cool gay + hot gal
Holidy in Palm Spring
Catch gay and catch gal for you
Dream the sky rider good feeling
Miami Crazy Street
World Communication Nice Music
USA No 1 Vacation Place

Hey, that's my country!

JAMES GIBNEY

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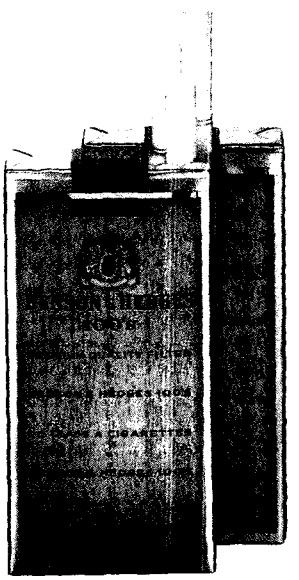

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